Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams. PUBLISHERS. David Adams.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, one year . 5.00.

No. 149.



THE FALSE WIDOW;

FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, Author of "Adria, the Adopted," "Strangely Wed," "Madame Durand's Proteges."

CHAPTER I.

THE DESERT ISLE.

MID-OCEAN. A sky like a canopy of pearl, with the sun hung like a burning globe against it. The sea glassily calm, with one tiny object dot-

ting the watery waste.

A boat lay motionless upon the quiet ocean's breast. A torn rag of a sail hung limp at the mast, but not a puff of air stirred its tattered folds. The intense heat had beaten down until the seams of the little creft gaped wide, it was radderless utterly craft gaped wide; it was rudderless, utterly at the mercy of wind or wave.

During this dead calm, the brine of the ocean stole in at the opened cracks, and only constant bailing kept the boat afloat. It held two occupants—a man and a woman. The man lay in the bottom of the boat, with sunken wild eyes glaring about him, vailed now and again by the heavy lids when he would drift away in unconsciousness; his lips were swollen, purple and cracked, and a mutter or a groan broke over them as the agony he was enduring forced an utterance The woman had suffered less, but famine was stamped on her features and looked out of her hollow eyes. She was on her knees, monotonously dipping out the rising flood, casting a glance now and then at her companion in distress, or searching the ho-

For fourteen days and nights only those few planks had intervened between them and eternity; for half that time they had been without food or water, except once when a dead fish floated to the surface near The woman had secured it and torn

but the man turned away from the portion she offered him with a shudder of disgust and without proffering it a second time, she finished the last morsel. Later, his appetite might have overcome his fastidiousness, but not another scrap of even such questionable fare came to their view.

Stealthily increasing, the water crept in through the widening seams. The woman saw it with fear and despair, but never paused in her task of bailing out the boat. 'It's no use struggling," she said harshly, throwing a burning look toward the man There's not a sail to be seen, and we'll not keep afloat till night."

He made no answer, but moved painfully, looking up at the pitiless sky.

"It's certain death to us both, I suppose," she continued in a reckless tone. "If

she continued in a reckless tone. "If either escape, though, it will be me. Give me the papers, Alec; they'll do no one any good at the bottom of the ocean."

He thrust his hand into his breast, and as if her words recalled a little of his strength, raised himself on one elbow, and glared a warning at her as she would have drawn

"Keep off!" he gasped, hoarsely. "As Heaven hears me I'll throw them into the

They'll go there soon. It's no great matter, but I would regard your wishes if I got back, Alec. I've faced death since we started on this voyage, and I'd never risk the consequences now that I might have

plotted for once. Had he seen the cunning gleam in those downcast eyes, he would have been further assured of the insincerity of her words. It it ravenously with her strong, white teeth; | was replaced by the sullen dullness of despair

only an hour or two more at best.' With a cry the man rose up, with outstretched, quivering arm.

"Look, Mirette, look! An island in the

They both saw it, a long, low line of land, seemingly set in that canopy of dazzling blue. Their eyes turned upon the surrounding waters in eager expectation, but not so much as a straw met their searching

"An illusion-but the illusions of this life are nearly past for me," said Mirette,

The other sunk back weak and trembling. but with a ray of hope flickering in his

'I've heard of such things before," he said, panting. "I can't give an explanation of the phenomenon, but that was a reflec-tion of a real island we have just seen. Oh, if we could but reach it, if there was any

As if invoked by his words, a breath of air ruffled the utter calm, and stirred the tattered sail. With hope renewed, the woman went to work again with feverish vigor clearing the fragile shell of the rising

Presently came another puff of air, and in half an hour a stiff breeze was blowing. Then a shadow rushed up as if from the very midst of the sea. It widened and darkened, the sky grew speedily overcast, the increasing stir of the waters broke them

into waves, which ran momentarily higher. A sudden storm was racing into effect. A short interval and then it broke upon them. The crazy boat rocked and dipped and seemed on the point of capsiz ing; it was driven before the wind, and beaten back by the waves. Mirette lowered the ragged sail, which, inefficient at the best, was an added danger now. The rain burst over them in a blinding sheet of a few minutes' duration, and then swept on eastward. The sea ran heavy and high; the boat plunged, creaking and straining, but breasted the waves still, though threat

ening destruction at any moment. The man and woman had spread the sail with a depression in the center, and caught of the rain sufficient to relieve their insatiate thirst.

They had a life-preserver each, which they fastened upon their persons, and pre-pared for a final encounter with the waves when the worst should come. The little bark drifted on, holding together beyond the utmost limits of their expectations. "Look!" cried Mirette, with sudden sharpness. "Land, it is land!"

A long, low, dark line lay before them, and the boat drifted on toward it. Every

energy was now devoted to keeping it afloat, and after what seemed an eternity, they were within plain sight of the shore. The white-capped waves rolled high, but the absence of a continuous line left them nothing to apprehend from breakers. now with safety in sight, the boat almost spar after the destruction of the boat became a certainty. They cast these into the sea, and following, clung to them in the last desperate struggle for life. The wind rising again, gave token that the storm was not over. But before the rain broke down again they both had been washed ashore.

Their refuge proved to be an island which was little more than a sandbank. It was covered with a growth of rank, reed-like grass, but there was no other vegetation, which they accepted as proof that the island was at times quite submerged. There was no water, but for the immediate time they were supplied from the discharge of the clouds. Clams were washed up along the shore, which Mirette secured, and fed on voraciously. Alec rallied for a few hours, then sunk into a profound sleep of utter exhaustion and awoke in a burning delirium The packet of papers inclosed in a proof wrapping which he had guarded so faith-fully were exposed now to the hand of the

Mirette stole them from his bosom with out, one pang of conscience, and secured

"He may die now if he likes," she whispered, fiercely. "The sooner the better, if any rescue is to reach here. I am almost tempted to consign him an offering to the

spirits of the deep."

The whispered thought was only the weight of empty words, for the desolation of that barren shore would have proved intolerable but for the germ of life lingering in his unconscious form, still sufficient to import a sense of companionship. She to impart a sense of companionship. She bestowed little care upon him, but kept watch of the horizon in hope of succor.

It came sooner than she had dared to nope. On the second day, a sail appearing like a tiny speck grew steadily more dis-tinct as the vessel bore straight down upon the little island. She had no means raising a signal to attract the attention of the crew, but, sighting land, a boat was sent ashore in the hope of obtaining water.

Mirette met them upon the beach. Alec lay far back amid the reeds, in a heavy apathetic sleep, from which she told herself he would never awake.

In answer to the inquiries of the sailors she satisfied them that there was no water upon the little island, and, when they went back to the ship, she accompanied them, with never a word of that other survivor of storm and wreck, whose presence on that sandy shore they did not suspect.

CHAPTER II.

FLORIEN. MISS DEBORAH GRAY, stiff, tall and gaunt, as she always appeared, had never seemed stiffer, taller, more gaunt and forbidding than she did one bright Spring morning as she stood in the shadow just beyond the flood of sunshine which streamble of the shadow is the shadow in the shadow just beyond the floor white hitches floor. ed in over the bare white kitchen floor.

It seemed a studied principle of Miss De-

elixir to more versatile natures, so she seemed always to be surrounded by an impalpa-ble gray shadow, which detracted nothing from her sharp angles of form and feature and lent no softening influence to her hard expression. She held an open letter in her hand. The visible lines in her forehead had deepened and closed in a corrugated knot of wrinkles, her thin lips were compressed, and her eyes of light gray grown colder—if that were possible—than their

accustomed wont. Her hand closed upon and crumpled the written sheet, which she thrust hastily behind her, as a young girl came, with a springy step, up the garden path, and flashed across the stream of yellow sunlight— herself an incarnation of a glorious bright-ness, which was all the more attractive because it was apparent as a promise quite as much as in reality. Just now there was an unusual flush on the round, sunbrowned cheeks, a sparkle of excitement glinting in her eyes, which were of the dark hazel which verges upon brown. She walked straight up to confront Miss Deborah with her bright young face mingling imperious-ness with defiance, and her clear voice ringing with a sense of indignity put upon

her.
"You needn't try to hide it from me, aunt Deborah," said she. "I know you have got a letter from abroad, though you are so anxious to hide the fact from me You had another one a month ago, and never breathed of it. I want to know why you didn't deliver the message it contain-

Deborah Gray stood stiff as a poker, still keeping the letter at her back, regarding the girl with a stern silence, which was meant to awe her into more submissive deportment. Whatever the customary effect of that unwavering gaze may have been, it failed signally in accomplishing its object

You needn't try to stare me down, aunt Deb," said she, with scornful accent. "I'll not be put down, I tell you. I'll find out what's in the letter you hold there as sure as I'm here, and you'll deliver what messages have been addressed to me, or I'll let it be known about the breaches of faith you are guilty of. Shame on you, who profess to be a Christian. In my opinion you've been truly guilty of stealing as was little Jacky White, who was caught taking pota-toes from our cellar last winter; you were severe enough on him, though it was proved actual hunger drove him to the deed. You have no such good excuse to account for

"Florry! how dare you speak in that manner to me?" exclaimed Miss Gray. "Go to your room, and don't come down again until you are prepared to conduct yourself in a more exemplary manner."

"I will not go to my room, aunt Deb, and I will know the contents of that letter before I budge from this spot. Will you let me

Her tone was of command, not entreaty. Miss Gray looked grimly and sternly down

"Really, Florry—" began her aunt, un-willing to yield the point. But, with a cat-like spring, Florry darted past her and clutched at the letter, but Deborah was too quick for her, holding it up far out of her

descended upon the shoulder of the excited little fury, whose eyes were flaming with the dry, red blaze of anger. Florry wrenched herself away, and sunk, sullenly, into one of the kitchen chairs. She would not continue a struggle where inequality existed to her own unconquerable disadvantage.

"You ungrateful child! Is this the return for all my care of you? It is well that I carry the conviction of duty faithfully.

I carry the conviction of duty faithfully performed in my bosom, and the peace which is the unfailing reward for it. Your wicked passion can harm no one but your-self. How can you reconcile such outrageous conduct with the precepts I have endeavor-

ed to instill into your mind. 'Better is he who ruleth his spirit—'"

"Aunt Deb, you shall not quote Scripture to me. I know I'm a great sinner—you've told me so often enough—and I don't know that I care to be any thing else. If you sermonize, I shall go straight out of this door, and not come hear, with I have come door, and not come back until I have seen Judge Lessingham, and discover if there is some means to force a regard of my

"If you move a step you shall never know from my lips," cried aunt Deb, an-grily. "You don't deserve to be told any thing, and you should know I had good enough reason to spare you the knowledge of that other letter. I should have told you all about them both before this time but for your inexcusable behavior. Now, tell me, how do you know that any message was sent to you?'

Florry hung her head and her cheeks tingled; then her neck straightened proudly, and her gaze was unabashed and fearless as

ever.
"Mr. Walter Lynne brought it from the office and left it in passing," said she. "The envelope was one of those transparent white kind, and some of the writing showed quite plainly through it. The foreign postmark attracted his eye, and without meaning it he read some fragmentary lines, but not enough to understand the import of a single sentence. One was—'Tell my little Florry'—another—'love my dear'— Oh!

that papa remembers and loves me?"

The full lips grew tremulous, but the angry amazement depicted in her aunt's face kept Florry's resentful spirit still in Florien! have you been meeting that

Aunt Deborah, I have been meeting that

"After my warnings! after my commands! Oh, what a bitter, thankless task I undertook when I accepted you into my There was a malicious gleam in Florry's

eyes, and without doubt at any other time she would have proved herself reticent and tantalizing, but now her object in view was too serious to be hazarded for a trifle.

"You didn't give me time to say that it

was purely by accident," she resumed. "I have obeyed you on that point if I never do on any other. You might know that or I crowing up as she had done beneath through never knowing him. But Florry's nature was one of those strange compounds "I will not permit you to use such lan-

guage in addressing me. You will be sorry for it and justify me when you come to know my motives. Here is the letter you were demanding just now to see,"

Florry reached for it eagerly—a thin,

rustling sheet written in a sloping feminine hand. Her hand fell as she saw that, and that the paper was edged with black, color went out of her expressive face, leaving it awed and still.
"Is papa dead?" she asked, in a subdued

tone. "Yes, he's dead"—in a voice which was

Florry looked at her with tearless, re-Can't you forgive him now that he is

"How could I pray 'forgive us our trespasses' if I had not forgiven him? I forgive, but I never forget.

Self-deluding sophistry! Deborah Gray thought she meant just what she said, but she should have known that true forgiveness consists in forgetting the injury.
"Poor papa!" sighed the girl. "You

never let me know much about him, aunt Deb, but I shall never forget how grand and noble he looked the one time I can remember seeing him. I never can believe that he was a deliberately-wicked man."

Miss Gray's lips compressed.
"You'll be apt to think him a deliberately-inconsiderate one, then." Though not often delicate spoken, she paused to cast about for a mild term which might not shock the orphan's heart at the moment when all her tenderest associations should throng to remembrance. "That other letter was the announcement of his marriage with a French girl he ran across out there in Sydney. The message he sent you was just this—'Tell my little Florry that I hope she may sometime learn to love my dear wife in the place of the mother she never knew.' He spoke, but indefinitely, of coming home, and I thought there was no occasion for you to know yet. Think of a house of the man after my sister Winger. brazen, Frenchy thing, after my sister Win-

That last expression gave Florry an inright of the true impulse which had prompted her aunt to withhold the news. Her sister, Winnifred, had been her idol. The two had been alone in the world, and all in all to each other until Winnifred married against the elder sister's will. Hubert Redesdale had just graduated, was reckless and impulsive as the wildest col-lege student, and Deborah Gray never baused to distinguish gradations between otal moral depravity and youthful follies. The marriage did not prove a happy one. The couple were ill-assorted as a couple well could be, and one of the violent disagreements which came to be a part of their daily life ended in the young wife returning to her sister's home, which Redesdale made no effort to induce her to leave again. In reality he had been harshly judged. Winnifred was a selfish doll of a woman who had no sympathy in accordance with

at the rebellious girl, who neither flinched nor abated zeal in her declared purpose.

"Will you let me see it?" she demanded again.

"Really, Florry—" began her aunt, unsulling to wield the mint. But with a cart.

willing to yield the point. But, with a catlike spring, Florry darted past her and
clutched at the letter, but Deborah was too
quick for her, holding it up far out of her
reach.

Florry's little foot came down upon the
floor with a resounding stamp.

"Give it to me, I say"

"Florien!" The single exclamation was
a marvel of frigid severity as it dropped
from Miss Deb's lips. Her skinny hand
descended upon the shoulder of the excited
little fury, whose eyes were flaming with
the dry red blace of

Thus reminded, Florry perused the missive—formal and cleverly worded, but dictatorial in style, and where grief was expressed, diffuse to insincerity. One paragraph the girl lingered over.

"My husband left a considerable fortune "My husband left a considerable fortune which he accumulated during the dozen years he remained in Australia. The bulk of it was conveyed some time before our marriage to a responsible New York house, and his will, drawn up and witnessed here, was forwarded at the same time to the keeping of the head of the firm. It leaves that entire portion to his daughter Florien, but he made liberal provision for me from later accumulations."

The business-like details seemed out of

The business-like details seemed out of place in this first announcement of her grief, written so soon after her bereave-It went on to state that the girl should be sent to some suitable school, as the writer had been led to believe her education was not of a kind to suit the position she would hereafter occupy. Florry's way-ward heart rebelled. What right had this stranger, a woman whom she had never seen, whom she felt intuitively she could neither love nor trust, to assert control over

'I'll not be disposed of in any such way,"

she declared, indignantly.

"She will be your personal guardian until you are of age," said Miss Deborah, grimly. "She can do as she likes with

"She shall let me alone to do as I like, or she'll find her guardianship any thing but a pleasant undertaking," declared fiery Florry.

Miss Deborah opened her lips as if to utter a reproof, but closed them again with-out having spoken. For once Florry's waywardness received no check since it was directed against a cause which was a bitter cross to her spinster aunt.

cross to her spinster aunt.

The girl went slowly out of the wide kitchen, which was a model of cleanly neatness, and climbed the steps leading to her attic room. There were a couple of dormer windows set in the sloping roof; the room was wide and low, with a strip of pright rag carrier to verying the center of the Aunt Deb, why have you never told me that man remembers and loves me?"

bright rag-carpet covering the center of the floor. At the sides it was bare but scoured daintily white. There was a bed, a chair, and a rickety washstand; a little worn trunk; and a little round mirror hung upon the wall. A few dresses hung upon pegs in one corner, and there was a miscellaneous pile of pamphlets, books and papers on a shelf.

Florry sat upon the worn little trunk, resting her chin upon her hand, thinking sadly of the father, evidences of whose love or care she had never experienced. There seemed a weight upon her heart, a vague, dull pain, unlike a grief brought forcibly home to her by the death of one she had known familiarly. A little mois-ture dimmed her eyes, but, unlike most girls, Florry was seldom moved to tears. Her capacity for joy or suffering was great, but a deep emotion always left her subdued

on any other. You might know that or I would have understood your treachery be would have understood your treachery be bert Redesdale, though the spinster, always reticent, was unusually so upon this very subject. It may have been this very bitterness which enlisted Florry in warm thy on her father's side; certainly it was through no clearer understanding of the truth than she gathered from studying the pretty simpering face which hung over the mantel in Miss Deborah's room. Florry never looked at the pictured face without being glad that she in no way resembled it. While she was lost in deep reverie, Miss Deborah walked back and forth through the house below. She seated herself with her sewing at last, but catching sight of the letter which careless Florry had flung upon the floor, she picked it up, and, standing irresolute for a moment, turned and went into her bedroom, which opened across a narrow hall. She paused before an old-fashioned chest of drawers and took from one of the compartments a square wooden box locking with a key that hung on a ribbon about her neck. She opened the box and placed the letter in it, but be fore her hand was withdrawn a loud tramping, crashing, from the garden sent her hurrying in that direction.

Florry! Florry! come quick. That

dreadful cow is breaking in again!" she screamed. "Florry, I say."

That last cry reached Florry's ears, and she came down slowly, pausing on the threshold of the now-vacant room.

Miss Deb was already out, brandishing a broomstick in the face of the intruding animal, and the open box she had left eaught Florry's eye. It contained nothing but a package of letters, and the girl was near enough to read her own name on one of them. Scudding across the little space she seized the lot, and ran them rapidly over. Twelve letters, all bearing her address, lying with unbroken covers

Florry sped out with them held close in her hands, scarlet flames leaping hotly into

"I'll never forgive you for that as long as I live, aunt Deb," she cried, panting with passion, and without another word flew ast the startled old maid and out at the little wicket gate into the lane. Florry, come back !" cried her aunt.

But Florry, never heeding, perhaps not hearing, sped straight on until the flutter of her light garments was shut from sight by the trees which fringed the lane.

> CHAPTER III. AT MIDNIGHT.

FLORRY neither paused nor swerved side from a straight course until she rushed across the strip of lew sandy beach on that Jersey shore, and, sure of foot, skimmed over the slippery rocks which the outgoing tide left bare, while the crevices be-tween were channels that would not be drained for a half-hour yet.

By the roundabout course of the rocks she reached the bluffs a quarter of a mile away from the strip of even beach. She flung herself down in a cranny where an overhanging rock screened her from the

chance of observation from above, and let the missives she had clutched so tightly all the way shower down in an irregular heap at her side, while her grieved and angered heart swelled in painful throbs which shook her frame like suppressed sobbing. She clenched her hands and set her teeth to-gether until she had mastered the passion

gether until she had mastered the passion assailing her.

"Oh, papa! poor, poor papa!" she cried, letting her head droop into the support of her clasped hands; and, as though a little of her burden had escaped in that regretful cry, she composed herself to examine the letters, the first of which had lain in waiting for her for twelve long years.

Long, loving letters they were, which gave her an insight into the strong unrest, the unsatisfied craving, which had made her father a voluntary exile from his home and friends. He had never forgotten her, and triends. He had never forgotten her, as stern aunt Deb had permitted her to think. Her eyes grew soft and humid with unshed tears of tenderness as she observed the date of each yearly letter, and knew they had been intended to reach her on her birthdays. Some of the later ones seemed to breathe a represent that the payers.

to breathe a reproach that she never responded to his messages of affection, but the last one of all touched her as none of the others had done. A paragraph ran:

the last one of all touched her as none of the others had done. A paragraph ran:

"And now, my daughter, I have found a sense of restful peace and a new interest in life which I never expected to hold. I have been a lonely man, trying to drown my discontent in constant employment, or when that failed, throwing myself heart and sonl into some adventurous mission which can always be found in a good cause in this wild Australia. In an expedition of this kind, a few months ago, we were attacked by bush-rangers, and only succeeded in beating them off after a tough strunggle and the loss of half our number. I was taken up insensible and sorely wounded, with others in the same plight, and carried back to Sydney. One of the dead was a French gentleman named Draveau, with whom I had a standing acquaintance, and it was in endeavoring to rescue him I received my severest wound. At the solicitation of his sister, who learned the facts, I was conveyed directly to the residence he had occupied, and the grateful, noble woman nursed me back to strength and health against odds which seemed at first insurmountable. I can not hope to impress you, my daughter, with any clear understanding of the pure, strong soul I learned to lean upon during the hours of convalescence, which were never tedious, thanks to her ministrations. I found in her my ideal of earnest, faithful womanhood, and I will be a happier man than in all my life yet when she becomes my wife, as she has promised to do. Can I hope that my little girl will be glad for her father's sake, until I can bring my two loved ones together, as I hope to do some day? I have told Mirette of the daughter I have not seen for twelve long years, and she is prepared to receive you with open arms and heart."

There was much more in the same strain; and Florry, loving her father's

There was much more in the same strain; and Florry, loving her father's memory the more for these confidences he had so openly given her, felt herself grow bitterly indignant at the woman who had written that cold, calculating letter immediately effect his doct.

ately after his death.
"He loved her so," she thought, "but before the grave closed over him she was counting the advantages her position as his widow would afford her. Oh, how vilely she must have deceived him! He thought her an angel, but I know she must be the arch-hypocrite a woman may become to have so imposed upon him. Who knows but his death was mercifully sent to save him from the shock of knowing her in her

Hours passed while she sat there thinking mournfully of her father's fate, and realizing something of what she had lost which will leap at once from one extreme of feeling to the very opposite, so now she flushed again with indignant anger as she gathered together her precious letters and tied them securely with a scarlet ribbon which had been twined in her short brown

"How dare aunt Deb preach duty or gratitude to me?" she asked herself, pas-sionately. "I'm sure I don't owe her much for her care of me, nor for her example of honesty, whatever her precepts may have been. She has always treated me as though I were a baby, with neither judgment no common sense, but I'll not be led blindfold by her or any one hereafter. If that we man dares attempt to control me against my will, I'll find so many ways to torment her that she'll be glad to let me take my own course, if it does lead me down to destruction, as aunt Deb will be apt to de-

So absorbed was she that she did not hear a step across the sands, which lay bare and dry now. A young man taking a short cut by way of the bluffs from the hotel, a mile up the shore, had espied her perched there in the cranny amid the cliffs. He took a nonchalant, leisurely survey of the lithe figure swayed by the force of her tempestuous feelings, and with a sweep of his eye assured himself that he had no cause to fear the intrusion of a third party. Then with a few swift strides he cleared the space between them, and she started up with a wavering of the color in the bright cheeks

as she found him suddenly at her sid What am I to infer from that Lucrezia Borgia look I surprised upon your face?" he asked, flippantly. "One would think you meditated dire revenge upon your

orst enemy. "Not so bad as that, Mr. Lynne, I am only studying by what means I can circumvent my enemy."

Some shade differing from her usual frank

outspokenness impressed him, and he asked with quick concern: What is the matter, Florry? Has any thing occurred to distress you?

His tender tone penetrated to the girl's ore heart. The poor child had experienced little enough of delicate treatment since she could first remember, and beneath her impulsive waywardness she carried a highstrung, sensitive organization that found relief now in his sympathetic presence. He thought that she had never looked so pretty as at that moment, with the grieved shade clouding her face, her fresh lips apart and quivering, and her hazel eyes grown deep and dark with the softening force of her emotion. Walter Lynne was fastidious to the last degree on some points, and though neither a strong nor a pure-minded man, he had placed his standard of womanhood on a pedestal which he was not blind enough to believe that Florry had reached, but he had sufficient foresight to discern that she would attain it in the future, when the capricious waywardness of the girl should merge into the earnest experience of the

Now she was little more than a willful child whose hoydenish proclivities shocked while they amused him. But her untram-

meled grace, and bright, youthful beauty, had a fascination for him which was lacking in the matured charms of more than one

in the matured charms of more than one eligible belle who would have willingly bestowed her fair hand for the asking.

"Walter, oh, Walter! Papa is dead, poor papa! And see, all these letters, which seem now almost like revelations from him in heaven, are the proof that he was noble and brave, and tender in his thoughts of me always. I would have been so proud and fond of him, and now he is gone without ever knowing how I could have loved him."

"Through no fault of yours, Florry; he held you aloof from him all your life."

"But he remembered me. He wrote to me every year, and aunt Deb kept back his

me every year, and aunt Deh kept back his letters. I'll never forgive her—I never shall; for if I had only known him as I do now, and let him feel how his daughter could have worshiped him, he might never letters. have cared for any one else. But now his wife is to come here, and shows already that she means to rule me if she can."
"His wife?"

"He was married, and meant to come back here to make his home. Oh, I shall

hate her, I know."
"I hope not—for your own sake," he re-"But I shall. You may read papa's letters, Walter, and I will tell you what she wrote; and then see if you can make any thing of her but an artful, scheming wo-

"Not now; I have not time, but you can

Rapidly she sketched the details of all she had learned that day, unconsciously omitting at first the fact of the fortune her father had accumulated during the years of his absence. She scarcely thought of it along with the other matters which to her

were so much more important.

"So you are to be sent away to school," mused Walter, aloud. To himself he was thinking that, while the measure might be the polishing of a rough diamond, it was scarcely calculated to content her with the bumble sphere she occupied. "Why, the humble sphere she occupied. new Mrs. Redesdale seems determined to

"I won't go," asserted Florry, defiantly;
"I'll not be packed out of her way like a piece of troublesome furniture. That's all she wants, I know, to be rid of me."

"Then you will stay as you are?" he mestioned.

"With aunt Deb, after that?" she pointed to the letters. "No, indeed! Oh, Walter, what shall I de? If any one can find some

way for me out of it all, you can."

Her pretty, appealing face and innocent trust of him were not without their effect upon her companion. Half in love with her as he had been for weeks past—he had made love to her in a negative way, which seemed very positive to her while it did not commit him—at this moment he believed he could forget worldly caution and his own ambitious aims for the sake of molding her into the glorious creature she was destined to become. With this feeling strong upon him, he expressed himself un-

'I think I could, little darling." Then, in an attempt to laugh off the impression his tender tone conveyed—"That is, if that true little heart of yours could beat out gold as well as loyal feeling. If I were not poor, Florry, you should not be left to the mercy of another guardianship if you would ac-

cept mine."

Her startled eyes fixed full upon him, and her color coming and going in vivid waves, showed how far her intent had been from drawing out this half-confession. But she had such implicit faith in him that when he had spoken she accepted his meaning frankly, as she believed he intended it. The remembrance of her changed position, of the wealth which would be hers, was recalled by his words.
"What if it should be so, Walter? What

if I really carry gold along with me?"
Can you ask, Florry? But then I wouldn't dare speak of the hope I have been looking forward to as a beacon-light. Oh, if I could in justice to us both, ask you to be my wife now! But my income is of the narrowest, and-isn't it a shame for a man of my age and opportunities to say?—I believe if I had no resource but actual labor which I have knowledge to perform, I would starve. How can I ask you to share a fate like that?" For once the man was sincere in all he

said. He felt that she of all women was the one who could raise him from the mean intricacies of the life he now pursued. had a piece of sterile property somewhere, so secured that he could not throw it out of his hands, which brought him an annual dole that was no more than a drop in the bucket of one of his proclivities. It is doubtful if he himself knew how he kept up appearances. He dabbled a little in stocks when he could secure a surplus; he had a far-off relative who advanced him paring sums occasionally, and on whose will he built up a mountain of bright expectation; he had hosts of friends from whom he never scrupled to receive pecuni-ary benefit; and behind these he had nothing more stable than "his luck" to depend upon, and that luck ran so well in his favor that the gaming-table and betting books were mostly accountable for the sums that went slipping through his fingers as though some modern Crossus stood prepared to keep him upon his feet.

He was Florry's hero just now, and she made of him an idol without a flaw. "But I am not poor, now, Walter," she broke out, eagerly. "I am to be an heiress.

That is one reason why I am to be sent away to get varnished and veneered against my appearance when madame's term of mourning shall be over. Don't let me fall into her hands, will you?" Standing there with his fair hair tossed

back from his white brow, his features rather effeminate in their delicate outlines. his slightly receding chin dotted with the shadow of a dimple, he did not appear like a man in whom to repose a vital trust. When not too selfishly swayed by personal motives, he might be generous and chival-rous, but sacrificing, strong and reliant, never. He brightened perceptibly under Florry's declaration. If it had come from any one else, he might have paused to weigh probabilities and count the costs, for he was cold-blooded in his gratifications generally; but Florry, in her unsuspecting innocence, possessed for him the fascina-tions which could stir his deepest and purest passions. He put out his hand with an impulsive gesture, and looked straight forward into her honest eyes.

"Florry, it must seem almost wickedly selfish for me to say it now; but I have loved you such a long, long time, and you need me. Will you be my wife and risk all

future chances? Is it too much to ask of your generosity that you shall believe me anxious only for your happiness—our happiness, after that thoughtless speech of mine? I meant it though in one sense. I mine? I meant it though in one sense. I couldn't ask you to be mine to see you suffer, perhaps, but if you'll take me as I am I'll work for you engerly and earnestly as if you were really penniless, as I believed you in all this time I loved you so."

A little fushed and very eagerly expectant grew the handsome, effeminate face of the man before her.

Florry, open as the day with those she loved, unhesitatingly dropped her brown palms into his white ones, and answered with shy, sweet submission:

with shy, sweet submission:
"If you wish it so, Walter."

Then suddenly a crimson tide dyed brow and check as she realized that her own appeal had invited this outburst. She drew back before he could divine her thought or the slight distrust which she did not admit was such even to herself.

"It would not be right for me to clog your future," she said, simply. "I forgot for a moment what a grand work it is for a man to carve his way up as you have told me you intend to do. I have fought my own battles before now, and I can do it

Mentally he execrated the visionary schemes he had intrusted to her in their idle moments together—before aunt Deb discovered the intimacy and issued her interdiet—but it only required a glance of re-proach to melt her half-formed resolve.

"Florry, if you make me distrust you, I shall lose all faith in human truth. I want you to help me, darling. Your love is more precious to me than all the success I shall ever wring from the hands of a selfish

and cruel world!" That last sentence savored something of protestations behind the footlights of a second-class theater, but Florry was just romantic enough to accept it literally. She did not resist when he took her little brown

fluttering hands prisoner again, and quieted them by the magnetism of his cool touch. "Little siren," he said, laughingly, as the long, delicious moments dragged by with their burden of unallayed sweets, "how you have betrayed me into unpardonable neglect. Ah, it's not too late yet. I am engaged particularly at the Lodge for this afternoon, and half of it has already passed."

"And oh! won't aunt Deb be at her blackest? I would tremble if I were not so near ready to defy her."

"To-night," said he, with a smile. "After to night you need only tremble before me."
"Ah, my lord and master to be, see that your bird is fairly caged before you threaten it," she answered, saucily You will be ready, Florry-at mid-

Then, or when you will, Walter."

He drew her to him with a sudden motion of his arm, and the burning fervor of his parting kiss was not at all simulated. It lingered like delirious odor on the girl's lips as she flew, rather than walked, back over the gleaming yellow sands.

wer the gleaming yellow sands.

Miss Deb was invisible, and Florry went straight to her room, glad that no harsh interruption was to break upon her happy dream. She heard her aunt's step presently passing in firm, long, masculine strides, back and forth across the bare floor of the kitchen below. Then a sizzling sound and a savory smell, and she knew that their early supper was being prepared, but she did not move until Deborah called from below:

"Florry, are you there? Come down."
Not a word was uttered between them during the meal. Florry, who had gone dinnerless, found her appetite, despite her love-dream, and Miss Deb's silence was ominous of a coming break.
"Only let her hold in till to-morrow,"

thought Florry, as she went about her usual evening tasks. Then—"

Then she would be safe out of reach of the storm—that was her conclusion of the Hours later she sat by her open window

and strained her ears to catch the sounds which came up at irregular intervals from below. Out of the line of all precedent, Miss Deborall was still astir, and her bedroom candle shot a yellow gleam out athwart the black shadows gathered in the little yard. The old-fashioned clock had given its warning, and was on the very point of striking twelve. Florry was in despair. She tip-toed out to the landing for the twentieth time, only to see again the un-broken thread of light which glimmered out from the spinster's open door.

out from the spinster's open door.

"Why can't she go to bed?" fumed
Florry, silently. "If I needed a clinching
argument to convince me of aunt Deb's
inherent mulishness, I have it in this doubly provoking more of hers. I can never
pass her door unseen, and Walter is waiting
now, I know. He is sure to betray himself like any other blundering man, the darling." And while she fretted the clock struck and a soft, almost inaudible whistle sound

ed from without. She started up. "I must get down—he'll be taking the light for a signal next. There's only one way for it now, I suppose.

She caught up a little bundle she had prepared, and stole noiselessly into an adjoining room, where a window opened on the roof of the back-kitchen porch. She crept through, and groping her way carefully to the edge, peered over into the thick

Walter !" she whispered. No answer. Again louder—" Walter!"

The cracking of a twig under a cautious step, and he advanced from the protection of the garden foliage. "Florry, are you there?"
"Hush-s-sh! I'm coming down, Walter. Here, take this. Now I will swing

myself down until I can reach your hand and then spring to that bed of thick turf. Aunt Deb is awake and up, and she'll be out upon us if she hears a sound.' Hurriedly whispering her explanation, Florry swung herself silently over the edge

of the roof. There was a strong latticework at the sides of the porch, which afforded a footing as secure and quite as easy as the rope ladder brought into requisition by romancists on such occasions. For, reader, dear, this was an elopement,

planned between these two. While Florry clung yet in mid-air, and Walter remained in expectant waiting below, the kitchen door was flung wide and Miss Deb stood framed within it.

Looming up grim and tall, with her flaming candle outstretched until it illuminated the whole area of the little yard, her astonished, angry glance took in the meaning of the same.

(To be continued.)



THE GUILELESS HEART.

BY GERALD SHIVEY.

- The blush upon thy cheek is charming,
 Fair as mann's first blushing light;
 And thine eyes are ever glowing
 Than cerulean skies more bright.
 But, ckeeks' soft glow, and eyes wild beaming,
 Never were my soul's delight.

- Nay! 'twas not thy argent beauty
 That first won my loving heart;
 Not thy charms, which beamed divinely,
 Bade my sleeping passions start;
 For the pleasure then that thrilled me,
 No outward beauty could impart.
- Why is it, then, thy gentle presence
 Doth this lasting blies impart?
 What is it at Love's radiant altar
 Tends the flame with angel art?
 Harken. maiden, I will tell you:
 "Tis thy trusting, guileless heart!

The Rock Rider:

THE SPIRIT OF THE SIERRA A TALE OF THE THREE PARKS.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER. AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., DTC.

CHAPTER XIII. THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

NIGHT brooded over the valley of the South Park, and all the dark greensward was alive with twinkling watch-fires, around which the warriors of three great tribes, the Comanches, the Apaches and the Cheyennes, were standing, sitting and

At the mouth of the pass, clustered behind the white tilts of their wagons, the remnant of the soldiers were sullenly gathered, cheerless and fireless, without a drop of water in camp, save what remained in their canteens from the morning's filling, a scanty

The Indians seemed to have settled down to a regular siege, every avenue of escape being closed up by their grim circle of fires, but no further attacks being made. The warriors had suffered too heavily for their rash charges to be disposed to repeat them

The soldiers, on the other hand, were sullen and dispirited. All their animals had been killed or stampeded, and they had no resource but to defend themselves behind the corral of wagons till help arrived, it ever help came.

In the midst of the corral a group of offi-cers was gathered, talking over the prospect before them in low tones.

"We have plenty of ammunition, major," said one, in reply to a question from a gray-headed officer, who seemed to be the commander, "but the men to use it are not so plentiful. We have too many recruits, and half of them are down sick or wounded since this morning. That Cochise must have had spies out who knew all our weakness, or the devils would never have dared

to attack such a force as we have. "How many men can you report for duty, then?" asked the major, a little cross-ly. "Don't theorize about Cochise, but tell me how many men I can depend on to cut through their line 20 100 100 100 W. I vascall

"Not more than seventy, sir, and half of Mot more than seventy, sir, and half of them are green handa."

"Green or not, we must make the attempt at daybreak," said Major Morris, firmly.

"If we had horses or water I would send to Denver for help. As it is, we must cut our way through and spike the guns, so that the Indians can't use them."

Allow me to suggest a better method,

major," said another officer. "We have proved that the Indians dare not attack us while we stick together. Our fire is too heavy. Why not take the guns with us, and move down to one of those pools tonight? The men are choking with thirst and desperate. We have nothing left to and desperate. We have nothing left to lose, and every thing to gain. The moral effect on the Indians must be incalculable if we move boldly and surprise them. They think we are disheartened at the death of

the ladies ""
"Hush, Taylor, hush! don't mention
"Hush, Taylor, hush! don't mention them," said the major, shuddering, "It's a fearful disgrace to five companies of United States troops that we should have let those devils carry off the General's wife and daughters, without being able to fire a shot to save them. It has near broken my heart, and I shall demand a court-martial and resign if I ever get out of this scrape alive Crack! went a rifle from under the wheel

of a wagon, the place where the sentries were posted, and all the officers were on the alert in a moment, while the men jumped up on all sides from where they lay dozing. "Who fired that shot?" demanded the major, sternly, as every thing still remained

The Indians did not appear to have noticed it.
"I fired, sir," responded a voice from under the wagon. "There's three Injuns a-comin' this way a-horseback, and I've stopped 'em."

Don't fire again till I tell you," said the or. "I want to see them." He went down between the wagons, and peered out. The forms of three horsemen were distinctly visible, standing out black against the firelight; and the center one

bore a square white flag on his lance. A flag of truce, by Heavens!" exclaim-the major. "We must not be the first to ed the major. disgrace it, gentlemen. Let us hear what they have to say. Boys, keep your eyes skinned all round. This may be only an

Indian trick after all. I am going to hear their message. Unfolding his white handkerchief, and displaying it for a counter-flag, the major advanced from the shelter of the wagons a few paces, when he halted and signaled the

others to advance. A number of Indians could be now seen standing by the fires, watching the advance of their envoys with apparent interest, and the fires, brightly blazing all round, made it a matter of difficulty for any one to cross the open ground without being seen.

At thirty paces distant one of the Indian envoys stuck his flag into the ground, dismounted, and advanced to meet the major. He proved to be a magnificent chief, with scarlet plumes in his hair, dressed in the extreme of Indian dandyism, and heavily armed—no other than our friend, Red Lightning, with his left shoulder freshly pandaged from the wound of Buford's

He executed a smart military salute to the major, for Red Lightning was proud of his proficiency in white customs, and then

"How do, white chief?" Badly," said the major, sternly. Being

an old army officer, he knew all the promian old army officer, he knew all the prominent chiefs by sight, and recognized the other. "Very badly, Red Lightning. The Great Father has treated you and Cochise well. What are you doing here to-day, then, killing his children? I myself saw rifles, and powder issued to you not six weeks ago, and now you use them on us. Where is Cochise, the Apache chief? He is with you here, too."

is with you here, too."
"Cochise is here," said a deep voice; and one of the Indians dismounted and came

forward.

Like Red Lightning, though only of medium stature, his chest was enormous, and he seemed to be possessed of unbounded strength. The expression of his face was that of ferocious, brutal insolence, which he cared not to conceal; and his weapons were more numerous, if possible, than those of Red Lightning. Such was the infamous Apache chief, Cochise, noted for more than a hundred cold-blooded murders.

"What does the white chief want with

Cochise?" he demanded, sneeringly "Men seldom call him twice.'

"What do you mean, Cochise, by attacking us in this manner?" asked the officer, putting a bold face on matters to deceive the Indian. "Are you not ashamed to break your treaties? You will get no more rifles and blankets from the Great Father, when he hears of this."

rifles and blankets from the Great Father, when he hears of this."

"Bah! Squaws talk. Men kill," said Cochise, roughly. "Much powder, plenty rifle, in train. Cochise take 'nuff for t'ree, seven year. Go on war-path. Den make peace with Great Father when tired and hungry. Good."

The cool audacity of the savage took the other aback for a moment, but Red Lightning addressed the third Indian in the rear, saving:

"Keche-ah-que-kono, chief of the Chey ennes, come forward and tell the white

The third Indian turned his horse loose and came forward, a gray-headed chief, of dignified mien, who spoke English pretty well. He saluted the major as politely as Red Lightning had done, and the officer

"I little thought to see you here, too, Keche. You'll be sorry for it." "Maybe so I not be sorry, major," said Keche, quietly..." We got you here so you never get out, and we got two little white squaws, too, that belong to the General. What you say to dat, major?"

"Gracious God, Kechel Are they yet alive?" demanded the major, excitedly. "We thought surely they were all scalped when you took them."
"One was, major," said Keche, coolly.
"I got up in time to git two odders. We

hab 'um safe, and now we want to trade 'Thank God, Keche, you're not as bad as

the rest," said the major, fervently. "What do you want for them, man? I'll give you each a barrel of powder when you come to the fort, and fifty blankets..." "No go," interrupted Cochise, coarsely. 'No go. White chief much mean; not

What little English Cochise understood, it will be perceived, had not been learned

Major Morris colored deeply with vexa-tion at the chief's insolence, but he contained himself, as many another gallant officer has been forced to in a similarly helpless

'Keche," he said to the Cheyenne, "tell me then how much you want to restore General Davis' daughters back to my care

Keche-ah-que-kono smiled in a benevolent manner. His face bore a strong re-semblance to that of the great Henry Ward Beecher in his saintliest mood, as the Chey enne chief softly observed:

White Father very rich. Got plenty guns, plenty powder, plenty wagons White chief give up all his guns and wagons Then Injuns give back the two white girls. "What! Give up the very train I was ordered to escort to Fort Steedman!" said the major, excitedly. "Keche, you must think I'm a coward to make such a proposal to me. Give up my train indeed!"

"Dat not all," said Keche, quietly. "You to leave train anyhow. We have him got to leave train anyhow. safe to-morrow. We want all the guns you men have got, big gun, little gun and powder, You pile your arms. We give up squaws, and take you back where come from.

"In fact," said the major, angrily, "you ask an unconditional surrender of all my force. Well, sir, you won't get it. I could not face my General again, if I ever did such a thing. You can go back, sir. If I tell my men your proposition they'll fire on

"Maybe so they not fire," said the Cheyenne, coolly. "You get shot yourself first, major. We go back. You t'ink better of him to-morrow morning. We bring little squares down to see you. If so you say give up all, we send you back. If no, you we saled harmes a law back.

see what happen to 'um before your eyes'.'
Without another word the Cheyenne chief turned on his heel and stalked to his Cochise laughed brutally, and ob-

Little white squaw nice. Warriors like Ugh ! he too stalked away, and Red

Lightning said, very earnestly:

"You do what Keche say, major. We like white chief, but must have big guns to fight soldiers. Good-night."

He saluted very politely, and turned away. Major Morris returned to his men

away. Major Morris returned to his men in dire perplexity.

The Indians had put him in a fearful dilemma between the duty of a soldier and the feelings of a gentleman, for he had not known to that moment that the two girls

under his escort were alive. On his return, he at once called his of-ficers together, and stated to them the Indian proposition and its fearful alternative

CHAPTER XIV.

THE USE OF A CUR. On the same night three men on foot,

leading their horses, were slowly emerging from the woods on the west side of the South Park, and ascending the dry bed of a mountain torrent that led up the steep

slopes of the Sierra.

They trod cautiously, and seemed to be aware that they were in danger, for not a quarter of a mile off the fires of some outlying Indians were plainly visible.

In front of them ran the little dog Yakop.

and the party is therefore easily recognized as our three friends, Somers, Buford and Brinkerhoff. Yakop seemed to be acting as a guide, for the intelligent little creature frequently ran back, as if asking them to

follow him, and always received a kind word from his master. Before they had gone far up the ravine, the rocks shut out the view of the fires, and then the German spoke to the dog

"Vat for you go disser vay, Yakop? Is de Injuns all gone?"
"Wuff!" answered Yakop, as plainly as if he said, "Yes."
"But vat shall ve do mit ourselves up hier, Yakop? Dere is nopoty vat life hier, hein?"

Again Yakop gave a short "wuff."
"Vat you say to das hund, poys?" asked
Carl, admiringly, "He say somepoty life
hier, und ein freund, too. You see Yakop
he be right before ve gets troo."
"But how can we be certain that we

don't get caught in the mountains?" asked Somers, anxiously. "Your dog's a won-derful dog, Carl, but he can't know the way out, when he's never been here before." "I don't got no fears 'bout Yakop,' said Carl, confidently. "Yakop he got more sense dan all of us put togeder. You see, mein herr. He tell me, plain as hund can shpeak, dat dere is vite man up dieser berg. Toges dere You sters pebint de Injune I goes dere: You stays pehint, de Injuns catches you."
"We had better follow the dog, Jack,"

said Buford, gravely. "Remember that his scent enables him to distinguish between people. He has probably struck the trail of some white hunter. You know there are some in the mountains, and the dog may be right. We can't be much worse off than in that valley, full of Indians as it is, with every pass occupied. I vote to ollow the dog.'

Here Yakop, who had been listening to the conversation as if he understood every word, leaped up on the speaker, wagging his tail; and then went off up the pass, gamboling and frisking, frequently looking back to see if he was followed

The three friends took up their line of march after the dog in silence, and after awhile mounted their horses for greater convenience. The ravine became narrower and steeper, till it climbed a species of stage in the mountain side, when it ran on, near y level, for some distance, ending in three diverging canyons, each as black as ink.
Into the right hand one of these Yakop ran without hesitation, and the horsemen fol-

The floor of the canyon was smooth, and covered with sand and gravel, which shone white through the darkness and made the task of following so much the easier.

At last, however, their progress was sud-

denly cut short by a perpendicular wall of rock, which seemed to forbid further ad-vance; and Somers fretfully exclaimed: "I knew how it would be, following that og. What are we to do now?" Carl Brinkerhoff dismounted and looked

Yakop had disappeared. The German called him in a low voice several times, and soon they heard the eager panting of the little creature, coming

back to them. "Vat for you fool us dieser way, Yakop?" asked Carl, sternly. "How ve go to get out of dis hein, you ole fool?"

Yakop gave another "wuff," wagged his

tail, and started forward into a deep black cavern in the rock, which they had hitherto not seen in the darkness of the canyon.

Before entering, the German struck a match, and lighted a tiny dark-lantern, which he took from his saddle.

No sooner had he turned its light on the

white sand than he said, in a low, eager voice:
"Fellers, ve don't got so much sense as Yakop now. Dere be a mule's hoofs as plain as der sun, mit shoes on too. Now vat you dinks?"

The other two were down in a moment, and beheld the track plainly, but the impressions of the mule's shoes were pointed outleard, and Somers observed, coolly:
"I always said that dog was a fool

Here the brute's been taking a back scent and didn't know any better. This only proves that some one on a mule has come out of here into the valley. We ought to have gone the other way. Vell, den, if you likes to go pack, you

may," said Brinkerhoff, dryly; "but I doesn't like dem Injuns so mosh as all dat. Vere dieser feller came from dere ist no Inuns, und I goes dieser vay. You follers if

So saving the Teuton advanced into the cavern, throwing his light ahead, where Yakop appeared trotting forward with his

After a moment's hesitation the two comrades followed, leading their horses down a long and narrow winding cave, which at times seemed to be open to the sky and a mere cleft, at other times widened out into

All the while the mule-track appeared at intervals in patches of sand, till at last the stars shone in front of them, and they emerged on the bare mountain side, having passed right through a gap in the Sierra.

A narrow ledge, forming a sort of irregular staircase up the Sierra, seemed to be the only way ahead.

It was practicable for men on foot, and Yakop seemed to find no difficulty in pass-

ing, but the horses, led as they were, took a long time before they mustered, courage to In places the ledge became a ridge not two feet wide, with a sheer precipice on either hand, overlooking a black gulf.

So they toiled along in the darkness for nearly an hour, over the same path which the Rock Rider had traversed on a trot on his sure-footed mule twelve hours before; and at last the dark gorge opened its before them, at the extreme end of which the glimmering red light of a fire was reflected faintly from the portals of the Cavern of Death.

It was midnight when they reached the gorge, and the sight of the red fire puzzled them all, for every thing round was death-

Yakop went trotting quietly up toward the cavern, and the three friends slowly followed, keeping a cautious look - out ahead of them, with rifles poised and

Nothing occurred to disturb them till they were near the entrance of the outer cavern, when Yakop suddenly stopped snarling, and at the same moment a dark figure leaped up from the side of the ravine, yelling out: "Golly sakes alibe! Wurra dat! Git

out of dis, you mean t'iefs!' Without the slightest warning Somers was prostrated to the earth, as if struck by a cannon-ball, by the brawny fist of Cato which knocked him senseless before he Then came the flash of a rifle, as Buford.

in the sudden start, let off his gun accident-ally; and before Carl Brinkerhoff could collect his senses, he received a blow on the back of the head that sent him headong to the earth, while Buford was pinio d as if in the grasp of a vise, and Cato knee struck him in the back like the blo of a trip-hammer. All the breath was knocked out of his body as he came flat down on his back on the hard rock.

Like an angry lion the herculean black leaped upon Carl Brinkerhoff, who had staggered up, confused, and before the German could point his rifle Cato had clasped him in his arms, and was bearing him down.

him down.

Then Carl roused all his strength, which was also tremendous; and white and black rolled over and over on the ground, tugging and straining at each other in grim bulldog silence, while Yakop danced about outside, snarling, watching his opportunity to snap at Cato's heels.

oared ed CHAPTER XV.

THE CONJUROR'S PLAN. How long the struggle between Brinker-hoff and Cato might have lasted, and which would have finally conquered, is un-

which would have finally conquered, is uncertain, for both were men of herculean
strength and nearly equally matched, while
Somers and Buford had been effectually
put out of the fight by the sudden attack
of the negro, and were incapable of helping their friend.

In the very hight of the struggle, when
both were panting for breath, the sharp
ring of hoofs at a trot came up the glen,
and the deep voice of the Rock Rider
shouted:

shouted:
"What ails you all here? What's the matter, Cato?" In a moment the black wrenched him-self away from Carl's grasp; the latter be-ing nowise loth to release him, and draw a

Then the German covered the figure of the Rock Rider with his weapon, and vociferated:

"You keeps back now, or I shoots you! Tousand tenfels! Vat sort of beeples is dis, dot lifes hier? I dinks dey must pe "Brinkerhoff, is it thou?" cried the fa-miliar voice of Belcour. "How in Hea-ven's name came you here?" And the light form of the youth sprung

where he had been sitting behind the Rock "Oh! marse cappen, is dat you?" bellowed Cato. "I'se so glad you come. I'se been fightin' wid free ghostesses, an' I isn't no coward, marse cappen. Glory be to

down from the croup of the gaunt mule

"Vas in der teufel's name ist all dieser?" demanded Carl, in amazement. "How you commen hier, und vas ist das man on

"T'll tell thee in good time," said Bel-cour, hastily; "but where are Somers and Buford, and what were you all fighting about."

about?"
"Mein Gott, how should I know?" said Brinkerhoff, ruefully. "Wir commen up hier, all on der tiptoe, und das nigger he shump out, und he hit me ein crack on der kopf, und send nte flying. Den he knock down Somers und Buford in a minute, und wir begin to fight, und das ist all, till you two fellers comes."

Belcour began to laugh

Belcour began to laugh.

"Well, well! do you know that you have been fighting with the servant of our best friend? But, by Heaven, he seems to have killed Buford and Somers.

"Not quite, but very near it," said the faint voice of Buford, as he sat up. "You 've got strange friends, I must say, Belcour. That nigger's as strong as a bull, and I believe he's broken my back.

"Oh, marse cappen," said the voice of Cato, "I'se done gone and done it, sah Golly, how dem fellers dropped! Yah! 'Peace!" said the deep voice of the Rock

Rider, who now spoke for the first time. "You did right to guard the cave, but you struck too quick. These gentlemen are my

"Oh, de Lord, marse cappen, how's I to know dat?" said Cato. "Hyar we lib al de time, and nebber see a soul. How know dat dem's you frien's, come snoopin 'round hyar, dis time o' night? Why dey no call out, to let ole Cato know dem's comin'? Gemmen, I'se very sorry of Pse hur ye, seein', ye's ole marse cappen's frien's, but what's a po' nigger to do when he can't se ye, and dem murderin' Injuns all ro as thick's flies on a dead mule? But I'se mortal sorry, I'se shuah. Hyar, marse, I'll pick up de little gemman what I knock down, and I'll bring him in."

And the kind-hearted negro picked up the insensible Somers in his arms, and boy him into the cavern, while the three com-rades, so strangely met, followed behind, listening to the courteous words of the

"Gentlemen, I regret exceedingly the unfortunate mistake of my awkward servant, which I beg you to excuse. Cato is a faithful fellow, but I have found it very difficult to teach him manners, and he had the excuse of not knowing who you were. I hope your friend will not be found materially injured will see to his cure myself. And now, gen tlemen, allow me to welcome you to the peor habitation that time and ruin have left a gentleman who once had the honor to draw a sword in the service of his country cidentally in the Sierra to-day, and I rejoice at the opportunity of seeing you. And now, gentlemen, enter my castle and

And the gaunt figure stalked in before them to where Cato was already putting on fresh wood to a fire in the outer cave The portal of the Cavern of Death wa black and silent, and no traces were visible

of its ghastly occupants. Buford and Brinkerhoff gazed with surprise upon the gaunt figure of the Rock Rider, as he stood thoughtfully by the fire, leaning on his lance, with the pinched white female face on the round shield star ing at them from its sightless eyes.

Belcour had become used to him during their ride, but the other two were full of amazement. Every thing in the cavern, from the Rock Rider to Black Cato, was weird and uncouth.

Somers, under the care of Cato, slowly recovered his senses, and stared round him a confused manner, not knowing where

Then the Rock Rider, suddenly turning

round, said:
"Gentlemen, we are five, resolute, wellarmed men, and in the valley are two delicate girls, tenderly nurtured, who were his cabin.

taken prisoners to-day by the most merciless taken prisoners to-day by the most merciless men on earth to women. I have suffered from those men myself in former years, but I could forgive them all, if they would only spare those women. Gentlemen, what say you? Who will follow the Rock Rider to rescue two Christian ladies from the power

of the heathen?"

"I will go, monsieur," said Gustave, simply. "We will all go, if need be."

"How you know dot de leedle kirls haf been taken by de Injuns?" asked Carl Brinkerhoff, cautiously. Carl was not an en-

"I saw them captured myself, sir, from the summit of the Sierra," said the Rock Rider. And he told them of the attack, the

runaway ambulance, the slain woman, and the captive girls, in short, nervous words, "Den dot's vat ve see dieser morgen," said Carl, reflectively; "ven ve ron so like der teufel. It vas the Injuns catchin' de leedle kirls. Vell, fellers, I goes mit you. I likes de leedle kirls, und I keels all de In-

ins in de falley, so I gets dem pack to deir faders und mothers."

"It is settled," said the Rock Rider, solemnly. "To-morrow morning we will go forth, and wo betide the tribes of the valley if they refuse to give up the maidens. Who will get out alive is a different matter."

ter."
Stay !" said Belcour, suddenly; "I have an idea. If we all go, we are too many for craft, too few for strength. I, monsieur, am a conjuror, and you seem to be a person of influence among the Indians. I propose that we go together, and try to obtain these girls by artifice. We have not far to carry them, only to the camp of their friends, who have beaten off the Indians, but lost their horses. Well then, let one of us, the best mounted, ride through the passes and go to Denver for help. No doubt monsieur here will show us the way to do that. They will send troops and horses, we shall beat off the Indians, save the ladies, and all be happy. What do you say to that, my friends?"

"The plan is good," was the universal Whether it was feasible, the next day would decide.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 145.)

Shot with a Pack-saddle.

BY A. GOULD PENN, ESQ.

OLD JONAS MILLS was one of the early pioneers in what is now the great Buckeye State. At what time he left his Virginia home and floated down the Ohio is not recorded in the family history, but as early as 1798 his little cabin stood in a clearing, a few miles from the north bank of the river His only companion was a son, James, all that remained to him of a once numerous family, and together they had taken a quar-ter section of land, and proceeded to farm it in the rude manner of those early

The necessaries of life were few and easily obtained, but of luxuries they were deficient, unless salt may be classed as such, and this only could be obtained by great trouble. Some fifty miles from their cabin, near a stream, called to this day Salt Creek, were numerous salt wells, which were operated by the general Government, and supplied the settlers of all that region and the

frontier troops.

One fine morning James was notified by his father that he must go to Salt Creek for a supply of salt, so, putting an old pack-saddle on his horse, he struck off into the wilderness, with his trusty rifle on his shoulder. Without molestation from beasts or Indians, he arrived at the salt works, and made his purchase, and in due time pre-pared for his journey home.

"Hello! whar's my pack-saddle?" he ex-claimed, on finding that article missing. Thereupon he instituted a diligent search among the workmen, but without success, until finally he was slyly informed by a young girl who lived at the settlement that the workmen had stolen his saddle and burned it under the salt kettles.

This piece of information aroused Jimmy's anger not a little, but deeming that a fuss with the reckless salt-boilers would not be desirable, he mounted his horse, using his sack of salt for a saddle, and struck out for home in no very gracious mood. It had been customary with old Jonas and his son to make these trips alternately, and when next a new supply of salt was needed Jimmy begged of his father to re-lieve him of his turn, to which the old man

consented. So he set about making prepar-

ations, prepared his outfit as usual, straptheir only remaining pack-saddle on Arriving at Salt Creek, in due season, he proceeded with his business, not noticing the smiles and winks that passed among the boilers, who had a lively recollection of the old pack-saddle. But, Jimmy was calin and innocent, and seemingly had forgotten his former misfortune, inasmuch as he took no care to conceal his pack-saddle from the

mischievous boilers. Jimmy made free to call on the black-eyed girl who had treated him so kindly before, and was passing the time very agreeably when, whiz! bang!—a crash as if a bomb had burst near them, startled them to

Everybody rushed to the scene, which proved to be an explosion beneath one of the huge salt-kettles. Jimmy knew the cause, and astonished the already amazed bystanders by peals of

Whoop-ee!" yelled he, jumping about, slapping his hands on his knees, and roaring with laughter. "Whoop-ee! ha! ha! I say, fellers, salt has riz, ain't it? ha! ha! ha! can't ye

lend me a pack-saddle, boys, to ride home on? You've shot yourselves with mine!" The truth was soon made plain; Jimmy had filled his old pack-saddle with powder, and the men had stolen it and thrown it into the fire, causing an explosion that threw the furnace into ruins, and wounded several of the jokers. Their indignation was unbounded, and they were about to make a case of lynch law, but Jimmy, not at all scared, handled his rifle so threateningly that they concluded to postpone their violence, and eventually all hands took a drink from Jimmy's calabash, and called it

even. "Shot with a pack-saddle!" was long a popular term in that portion of the country, nd the salt-boilers were careful not to try ny more of their jokes on "green 'uns." Jimmy became a noted scout and hunter



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1873. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the Unite-tates and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it com a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct y mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following

One copy, four months
one year
Two copies, one year In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full-tate, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late

m subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay cations, subscriptions, and letters on business BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

AT LAST!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB:

The Vigilantes of California, THE GREAT SEQUEL TO OVERLAND KIT.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. Author of the "Wolf Demon," etc.,

we have the pleasure to announce, is now in the hands of the artist for illustration. Mr. Aiken's many admirers, we are sure, will be happy to hear this good news.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-It is provoking to see our matter widely copied by the press and the common civility of credit denied to us, but it is worse when not only is credit denied but the very author's name is omitted—pains absolutely being taken to strike out the authorship This is not only robbery but a mean robbery at that. An editor who not only defrauds the paper of its credit but also deliberately suppresses the author's name, is equally a trade nuisance and a rogue. Many of Joe Jot's unique contributions come back to us with not the slightest indication of their paresitage. If we could only discover who first drops the author's name we would prosecute the offender, as he deserves. Every line in our paper being copyrighted, we shall permit no abuse of the privilege which we extend to other papers to copy from our columns. Where proper credit is given we cheerfully consent to the reproduction of our short stories, essays, poems and humorous matter, but peremptorily forbid such reprinting where the credit is suppressed.

-A correspondent likes the SATURDAY
JOURNAL because it always gives to the American author a "fair show." and he adds: "Most of our magazines and many of our weekly papers prefer either to copy English stories without pay, or to pay, in a few instances, four or five times the amount, for mere advance sheets, more than they would think of paying for the best original romance by a home author;" and he declares that it is a well-known fact that American authors are disappearing." All this is only too true. So long as there is no international copyright to protect both the author and publisher in his rights and property, there will be no encouragement to authorship, as a profession, in this country. To popular weekly papers alone can our authors look for any thing like encouragement and proper compensation. And to sneer at these popular papers! Truly there is no accounting for some men's ideas. Any one of our three or four leading popular weeklies, we confidently assert, pay American authors more money, in one year, than all our monthly magazines combined pay in five

Some author has beautifully said: "Pleasant dreams are pretty pebbles in the brook of sleep; and the dim reminiscences we have of them are the ripples made on the surface of consciousness." The mind filled with sweet content is sure to have pleasant dreams. It is the uneasy soul that dreams of "goblins damned." Some live out lives that seem like dreams. Whittier's life has been one of such Though unmarried, and always an invalid, vet his tender, loving nature makes his paths paths of peace, and when he dies it will be to lie down in a long, sweet dream. Oh, if men and women were only all as pure and true to the right, what a dream of bliss would this

-The mistakes of printers, proof-readers and reporters sometimes produce strange results. It is related that Disraeli, in closing a powerful address in support of a Parliamentary measure, once said: "We have burned our boats, we have destroyed our bridges, and do not intend to recross the river!" Imagine the horror of the distinguished Prime Minister when he discovered that a reporter had made him say: "We have burned our boots and destroyed our breeches, and can not recross the river." After this, why need a cor respondent, H. L. T., complain because a certain proof-reader made the word need to read mud? She said some men have need to be known, etc., and the printer said, "Some men have mud to be known." The fault doubtless was in her MS. Moral: Be sure to write plain

ly.

—Bill Arp, a "genius" of the Artemus Ward School, starts a paper, and thus salutes:

"Gentel readar, dost thou love slander and skandal, and duels and snake-bites, and sich like? Dost thou sometimes glory in human misery? If yea, we will feed you on some sweet morsels. Art thou sick, or deceased, or hipshotten, or bellowsed, or colicky? Look over our patent medicines, and pay your money and take your choice. We intend to caper and cater for the publik. The publik is a menagery, and the different beasts must be fed on

This seems humorous, but we fear it is a fac that many papers, nowadays, seriously adopt the idea that the public is a menagerie. Only on this supposition can we account for a great deal that is beastly in American journalism. A great many of our dailles so " caper and cater for the public" that they are Bill Arp's ideal. They are not the safest reading a man can introduce into his house for the Young Folks to peruse and talk over. That there is a morbid desire among certain minds for the feast of scandal and criminal revelations every editor well knows; but, only the most pressing necessity of "giving the news" can exe the use of matter essentially vitiating, If the dailies were the only reading that families had, what a miserable thing it would be! The Weekly paper, proceeding upon the idea

that the public is neither a menagerie nor a set of ghouls, but, on the contrary, that the majority of readers are both intelligent and circumspect, caters to society and homes and individuals to edify, amuse and comfort; and hence to the Weekly must the public look for its relief from the influence of the mere news-

A Submerged Continent.-In two previous articles we have referred to various evidences of a race, coexistent with the Mammoth, who made this continent an abidingplace, and, after a long career of evident prosperity, passed utterly away. The query arises - who were they?

A favorite theory, long urged, is that the lost tribes of Israel must have come hither; and certain archæologists find in the ruins of Central America, "confirmation strong" of their Egyptian origin. But, these same wise men are quite nonplussed over the ancient Peruvian civilization, architecture and arts, which were so sui generis that the most eager friend of the Lost Tribes can not reconcile them with any thing so recent as the Pharaohan Egyptian civilization.

Latterly it has become a conceded proposition that the primitive or pristine race, whose traces exist in numerous places, were either an indigenous race, whose origin, like the origin of man, is lost in the ruins of a far antiquity, or else that the race came direct from Eastern Asia by a highway now wholly

This latter idea seems the most acceptable. although we see no reason why the idea of a wholly indigenous people—with a progress developed into a purely local civilization—should not be acceptable. If the race came from the ancient center of Man's supposed origin, then there must be indubitable evidences of that common origin. This antiquarians think they find in words that are alike, in all lanages--in common ideas of the Deity and future life-in a repetition of architectural forms etc.; but, so few and faint are these resemblances that the argument drawn from

them is neither strong nor logical, There is, however, a better argument in the legends of the lost continent which have come down to us from ancient times. Thus Plato sent down to posterity a tradition of his day that a great continent which occupied the place now covered by the Atlantic Ocean suddenly sunk down out of sight. He further says it was an island called Atlantis. On it were kingdoms and organized governments, wealth, arts and civilization, instantly lost to

It is now the opinion of the leading geologists-those most advanced in science-that the American continent appeared when the Atlantic waters rushed into the enormous cavity or depression on the earth's surface now filled by salt water. The Rocky Mountains were then the rough bottom of an ocean which rose with marine plants, shells and other products of an aquatic origin, that are found abundantly strewn there, and, in fact, all over North and South America. Remnants of Atlantis, the submerged continent, are believed by some scientists to be recog nized in the Adirondacks, the White Mountains of Maine, and a few other outcroppings belonging to the outer boundaries of that deluged and forever lost country. There is no knowing what astounding discoveries may yet be made in coming ages corroborative of Plato's narration.

But, there is even more probability that a direct connecting link between this continent and Eastern Asia existed, at no very remote age, just north of what is now the track of the steamers' usual route from San Francisco to Japan. We have not the slightest doubt that sea explorations already ordered by our Government, will find a table-land, or plateau, to exist, between latitude 45-550 nearness to the present water surface will prove that the lands of the Eastern and Western continents were once interlocked and continuous-divided only by a great river which brought down the waters from the north. Indeed, the chain of islands now stretching from Alaska to Siberia are the stepping-stones of this lost highway, by which the people of Eastern Asia can, even yet, come readily to this country.

A PLEA FOR THE WRONG DOER.

SAILING down a certain harbor on a lovely autumn afternoon, the party with whom I was traveling and myself were enjoying ourselves to our hearts' content. The con versation touched upon numerous topics. one of which was, that no one did a good and kind action for the mere sake of doing

It was not long ere we had an answer in the affirmative, in the most practical way. We were passing one of the jails, and, working on the grounds, we saw a youth clad in the well-known prison-garb As we drew near the place, I noticed a lad. one of the deck hands, wave his hat at the prisoner.

Now I was extremely anxious to know what that was all for, and the first chance I got I addressed the lad on the subject. I asked him if it was his brother that he waved his hat to. His answer was that he didn't know who it was, and that the real motive for doing as he did was just this:

"It will make the poor fellow think there is some one that cares for him, and if such a little act as that will make his heart hap-py, why shouldn't I do it?"

And that is exactly what I have asked myself a hundred times since. Why don't we strive to make the hearts of others han py and not miserable? Is it not far better to drop words of comfort into the cup of our friends, than to be continually embittering the draught? If a human being goes astray and is condemned to suffer imprison ment for it, is that any reason we should shut him out from our hearts entirely, as if he were all bad, and had not one redeeming

Many are now walking amongst us whom we no doubt take by the hand and make friends of, but are far more deserving of punishment than some who are confined within the walls of a jail. The only difference between them is just this: one got caught, and the other has escaped his just

But don't, my dear, good sister, drive out the poor prisoner from your thoughts entirely. Remember he was once as innocent and pure as you, and perhaps a prayer, a smile, a good word may serve to make his

life less hard to bear. Did you know we have the power of keeping these prisoners out of jail? We have We can perform many a kindly deed that will so touch the hearts of those around us, that they will see virtue is better than vice,

and goodness preferable to ill. Would that woman be in jail for stealing

if others had been willing to provide her with the food and raiment which she had Her crime must lie at some one else's door than her own, and it is a shame to think that such can be the case.

It is a hard thing to obtain the release of a criminal, and if any act or work of ours can keep others from crime, we are criminally culpable to refrain from the duty.

Make hearts happy; lighten the loads of the overburdened; open the windows of your heart and let a bit of its sunshine into some poor fellow-being's existence. Win the evil doer back by kindness. Life was not given to you to make only yourselves happy, regardless of others; it was given to you to be useful, and to "do unto others as

you would have others do unto you."
What if you do gain nothing for it? Must every action be done for the reward it will

Supposing you were tempted and fell, taken away from your friends and the bright, busy world — wouldn't you want some one to think of you enough to wave his het as he pessed by:

his hat as he passed by?

It is time we threw away our selfish habits and made the right use of the powers God has given us. Don't tread the wrong-doer under foot because he hasn't had as much courage to resist temptation as you; try to bring him to his feet again and make his heart happy, is the earnest, solemn EVE LAWLESS. prayer of

THE NEED OF REFORM.

ONWARD the march of progress is tending, but there are some nooks in the very heart of civilized communities that have escaped the reform rush, and remain to the present enlightened day in ignorance of the brilliant advantages they fail to enjoy.

It's a deplorable state of affairs to con-

template, people at large are so wise in their generation they rather welcome these reminders of primitive ages without reflecting upon the sin of remissness of which they are guilty in permitting ignorance to go without the revolution of enlightenment. That old saw, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., is accountable for any number of the gaucheries committed in a slow, confused

following of that same progressive march.

"What is to be will be," and some things, like Irishmen's shanties, are inevitable. Some people on this breezy, whirling, whirling world of ours are characterized by such slow, heavy stupidity that it is hard to tell where the animal nature ceases to exist and the finer elements struggle into feeble life. They are not to be blamed for it, I suppose. A man can't be brilliant and witty and refined at will any more than he can overcome the natural resistance to perpetual motion. That's no reason why they

should live like savages, however. Think of a community where the natives born and bred follow implicitly in the footsteps of their fathers, where people split the day in half with rigid impartiality, where they go to bed at dusk and snore through twelve hours of undisturbed somnolency, where they persist in eating three cooked meals per diem, winter and summer, working or idling, invariably preferring boiled pork and cabbages, baked pork and beans, or fried pork and potatoes, in endless rota-tion. Pork—bah! The mention of it calls up a nightmare specter since the day I chanced across such a primitive spot as I write of—the horrifying remembrance of a hairbreadth escape from the assault of a thin long snout, a curving, bristling back, a succession of terrifying, ominous noises, two little vicious, fiery eyes under flapping ear-fans, and insult added to injury offered through the brute's antagonistic propensities by its expression and the statement of the statement ties by its owner's calm remark:

Not afeard of our pet porker neow, be? Why, sho neow—" without ever mingling a grain of comfort or assurance with the contemptuous intonation. Where's the folly of being wise applied

to people like that, I ask? Somebody with more leisure on his hands than ingenuity to usefully dispose of it has reckoned the difference gained by rising two hours earlier than the average time mornings, and tacked it in so many years to one's natural term, as though any one with ordinary capacity for enjoyment or ennui would accept an extension of time on such terms. Wedge in the two hours before the turning stroke of the night-don't cultivate the excessively disagreeable habit of keeping early hours, and the world at large might be benefited by the application of that mathematical demonstration.

"A little folly now and then 1s relished by the wisest men."

And a great deal of late hours and pleasant excitement-delightful social dissipationare relished by the most of men-and wo-men. Nine o'clock breakfasts-or tenand six o'clock dinners are not only en regle everywhere except in the depths of back-woods desolation, but decidedly more appetizing and more conducive to health than the jumble which includes a hearty supper shortly before retiring.

J. D. B.

A CRYING EVIL.

"Nursing cats is all they do, Poor old maids."

"On! how I should hate to have any one say that about me!"

That was the remark that I heard fervently uttered by a young Miss of twelve, a ew days ago!

There are no longer any children. They are men and women, with weighty projects of matrimony engaging their attention, as soon as they are twelve or fourteen years of age. From the time they can understand, they are assiduously taught that marriage is the chief object in life, and that all-other things are of minor importance. As soon as they are five or six years of age they are teased about the other sex; the words "sweetheart" and "lover" are drummed into their heads, to the exclusion of almos every thing else; they are told what they must do when they go courting, or get married, and if any child is enough of a real child to think they never will get married, and venture to assert such a thing, they are met with a contemptation. "Pools." met with a contemptuous "Pooh!" Of cours you'll get married, the same as other peo-

So, from boyhood to young man and womanhood, this idea is continually presented to them, and beaten by every conceivable method into their heads. But, that they need any education to fit them for marriage is scarcely hinted at. In fact, many people seem to think that it is no matter if any one s as ignorant as a Fejee, they are perfectly well qualified to marry and rear children.

And so, year after year, the children who

ought to be playing with dolls and tops, are

rushing headlong into matrimony and peopling the world with beings cursed alike with ill-health and evil dispositions, from the ignorance of their parents.

I firmly believe that of the young people

who every year marry, not one in five thousand have any just idea of the responsibility of parentage. They receive the innocent souls intrusted to their care with hardly a thought of the future, and bestow upon them less care than a careful farmer would upon his stock. Care for them? Oh, yes, they feed and clothe them, doctor them when they are sick, and whip them when they are naughty—and if either duty is pro-perly performed, it is more by chance than

any thing else.

Then they are almost always poor. They don't think of the practical part of life in advance, and are surprised to find that, after a few weeks of matrimony, "love's young dream" comes down to cabbage and potatoes, and that their pockets are guiltless of filthy lucre wherewith to purchase them.

But the fact is love has your little to do

But the fact is, love has very little to do with these youthful matches. The feeling that prompts them about as nearly resembles real love as a farthing rush-light does the sunshine.

There is something dreadfully "rotten in Denmark." Somebody is to blame for all this foolishness, the consequences of which are far too serious to make any thoughtful person feel like smiling. Worse than all the rest, the evil is yearly increasing, and it seems to me that it is quite time steps were taken toward a reform.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

Foolscap Papers.

My New Post-office.

AT the earnest desire of the public I will open a new post-office on my own hook, perfectly independent of the Government this coming week in this city. It will be carried on under the following rules:

Each person must have and pay for fourteen boxes, for he will stand fourteen chances then of getting a letter when he only stands one chance if he had but one

If any one fails to get a letter he will have the privilege of growling at the post-master, who will in all cases give him the true reasons of the failure. People will be insured at least one letter a day in this office. All persons failing to receive their daily letter will be furnished one on appli-cation (as the P. M. will keep several alphabets on hand all the time) either from abroad out of somebody else's box, or from the P. M. himself-especially if it happen

to be a good-looking young lady.
All love-letters must be submitted to the perusal of the P. M.

Persons owning boxes in this office will be furnished with a season stamp to travel anywhere in the U. S. by mail.

No letters containing duns will be circulated through this office. (The P. M. himself will receive none on his own account, and he will allow none of his constituents to be imposed upon in that way.) If people are not satisfied with the letters they receive they can return them to the P. M. and get them exchanged, for all let-

ters are warranted to suit. People are insured to receive a letter with a remittance of fifty dollars for fifty

Letters containing proposals for marriage can be had on payment of one dollar.

Persons receiving too many letters at one

time will be compelled to divide. The freight on each letter is three cents. The letter must be of the right stamp or

Two stamps for five cents, a liberal deduction by the dozen. If the stamp is put on upside down it will be taken as an insult to the U.S. and an attempt to kill Washington with a rush of

blood to the head. Parties sticking stamps on letters must furnish their own spit.

Letters containing more than three sheets, two pillows and a feather-bed, will be charged double fare. All overnaid letters will be sent to Dead

Persons sending prescriptions for soup in letters must be particular about their super-

Letters from young ladies to gentlemen containing mits will not be permitted to be transmitted.

Lumber-yards passing through the mails subject to extra post-age; see rules of the Money orders will be furnished at this that is, the money will be taken by

office: that is, the money will be taken by the P. M., who will forward an order on himself for the amount. It is said that Benjamin Franklin invented the franking system, but this is to certify that Franklin has nothing whatever to do with this office.

Second-hand postage stamps will not entitle a letter to a free ride, unless they are well cleaned. Washington won't pass black eyes: he must have his face washed and his hair combed and look genteel Letters of marque issued from this office also letters of administration, letters patent

and Belles Lettres. All letters must have the directions on get the doctor to write the directions for

Any clerk in this P. O. accepting bribes shall be arrested for mail-feasance in of-Every thing going through this office will have to be stamped—even burglars who go

through the office.

N. B. All kinds of stamping done with neatness and dispatch. The bighest price paid for old letters.
Persons asking for letters must remember

Fifty men wanted to peddle letters on commission. All business at this office will be conduct-

ed in a postmasterly manner.

For further particulars inquire within. Washington Whitehorn, Post Meridian.

THE great movements of Providence are not so much reformations as revolutions—not a new vamping and repairing of old systems, but a breaking up of the old ma-terial and a re-casting of it. The hammer of Revolution-wars, pestilences and fa mines, are the terrific agencies by which the things that have waxed old and are ready to perish, are broken to pieces and cast into the great crucible of the Almighty hand and recast, as it shall better please the

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We have to say "unavailable" to the following contributions—those with stamps remitted being returned to writers, viz: "Daisy Dean's Diary;" "Deceived by Appearances;" "The Masked Madman;" "The Mountain Songster;" "Glenrowan;" "A Piece of Silk;" My old Felt Hat; "Horseback Courting;" "The Old Lady of Twelve;" "A Likely Story;" "What Came of a Coon-hunt;" "The Moorish Bride: ""Gentle Annie;" "A Graveyard Tragedy;" "Mrs. Moses Isaacs;" "Bob White;" "Two to Five."

The following are placed on the accepted list, viz:
"Sometimes;" "Widow Row's Stratagera;"
"Marg;" "A Good Thing;" "The Last Wieh;"
"Speed Makes Waste:" "Mrs. Brown's Party;"
"Molly Brandt's Choice."

"Molly Brandt's Choice."

C. C. S. We are never "in want" of any particular class or kind of contributions, and yet are always glad to receive a real good thing. We, of course, necessarily reject three-fourths of the miscellaneous matter coming to us, simply because we can not use more than a small portion of that which is offered. Out of this mass of matter we try to select the best; and yet we know that we frequently return, as "unavailable," contributions that are well worthy of place in our columns. A rejection, or return, therefore, by no means implies a want of merit in the composition. It simply expresses an inability to render it available.

B. B. A "good set of furs" costs in proportion to the value of the fur skins—all the way from twenty to five hundred dollars.

J. R. A. We never return MSS. at our own ex-

The New Year's peem, "Then and Now," comes too late. FRANK E. S.—Cyrille Dion. Five hundred and dd points.

odd points.

Mrs. M. P. We find your MS. quite defective in correctness of composition. There is an art of composition which all who write for the press must learn as a prerequisite. No matter how good the conception of a story, or how original the essay, if precision and clearness of utterance are lacking and the proper punctuation is wanting, the contribution is a failure.

RHYEN RANDAL. The papers containing "The Wolf Demon" are not all now in print, so great has been the demand for this story. In answer to the numerous inquiries regarding its reproduction we can only say we have the subject under consideration.

TEXAS JACK. If you have lost the pawn-ticket, no proof you can offer "Moses" will make him disgorge. He makes much of his money by just such dodges. The only course to pursue, if he refuses to hand over, on good proof of property, is to bring smit

suit.

E. J. D. A history of the United States will cost
—according to price! Bancroft's is \$2.50 per volume; Hildreth's the same.—There is good hunting
in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. The Winchester Repeating Rifle is an admirable weapon.

DYSPERTIC. There is no "cure" for dyspepsia. A
thousand noestrams are advertised as cures, but they
are mere palliatives. Simple magnesia, or soda, are
as good palliatives as any offered. The cure is to
undergo a course of dictary treatment and to be
sure to take active bodily exercise promotive of
physical vigor.

physical vigor.

physical vigor.

CONTORTIONIST. Acrobats do not use oil on their joints. Suppleness comes from practice.

S. L. M. We do not believe in any watch so cheap as the sum you name. No works worth a picayune can be put in a case and sold for such a price.

HENRY F. We can not prescribe a course of reading for you. The number of books, on subjects of general interest, is simply enormous. The books called "The World before the Flood;" "The Ocean;" "The Human Race; ""The Insect World;" "Insect Architecture;" "The Universe," all are superb volumes, literally loaded with information and alive with interest. If you will buy and carefully read such works, you will, in a few years become not only a well-informed man but will be a far happier man than if you had wested your time in reading nothing but novels or periodicals. A little learning is not a dangerous thing. It is far better than no learning.

ter than no learning.

M. LE CLAIRE. Knitted cuffs can be made of the ordinary stitch, and are very comfortable to wear in cold weather either for walking or driving.

JOSEPH H. Spirits of sea salts will remove your wart without discoloring the skin, by applying once or twice a day for about two weeks.

or twice a day for about two weeks.

Young Wiffs. There are several ways of making coffee. Some boil it; others use the "French" coffee-pot. If it is not good made as you speak of, it is because the water is not boiling when poured on the dry coffee. That is very necessary to extract the full strength. First, stir up the dry ground coffee with a little of the white of an egg; then cour on boiling water enough for the full quantity required; boil sharply ten minutes, then serve a once. Never fill up the coffee-pot after the coffee has boiled, as it destroys the flavor.

REASONER. The term monomaniac is applied to

REASONER. The term monomaniac is applied to hose cases of insanity where the person is fully casable of reasoning upon all subjects but that of his articular delusion.

particular deusion.

F. L. C. Your iron pots when cracked are not useless, for you can make a paste of wood-ashes, salt and water, which will stop up the cracks; and the following recipe will re-unite broken glassware so well, that the fracture will hardly be seen: Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding one-fifth water and using gentle heat. When perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a glue ready for nee

INVALID. If you are subject to severe colds, wear double-flannel chest protector. HENRIETTA PEASE. To clean the carved part of our white marble mantle, wet a sponge with pumce stone, gently rub on, wash off with pure water, rying with a towel.

Scoroe James. Malachi Malagrowther was the nom de plume used by Sir Walter Scott as the signature of three letters written by him to the Edinburgh Weekly, in 1826, to restrict the circulation Scotland of bank notes less than five pounds value. E. DERAISONET. "Yarina" was the name given by Dean Swift to Miss Jane Warying, for whom, in early life, he had a great attachment. She was only one of the amorous prelate's several loves. His "Stella" was the most noted.

CAROLINE O'MARA. The commonly-called 'White-boys' is a party-name applied to the poorer classes of Catholics in Ireland who wear a white badge. F. W. Cartes. The expression "A feather in his cap" originated in Hungary, where it was the ancient custom that none should wear a feather in his cap who had not slain a Turk. A person who had slain a number of Turks, was entitled to wear the history as corresponding number of feathers. in his cap a corresponding number of feathers. Hence the saying, "A feather in his cap" became a synonym of honor.

synonym of honor.

EMISRANT. To acquire a title to Government lands by means of a land-warrant, you must make application as in cash cases, accompanied by an original, or properly assigned land-warrant. When the tract is \$2.50 per acre, \$1.25 per acre must be paid in addition to the warrant. At the time of "location" a fee of 50 cents for a forty-acre warrant, and a corresponding sum for larger ones, must be paid to the Register, and a like sum to the receiver.

Robert H. G. The measurement of visiterns is as follows: ten feet in diameter and nine feet deep, will hold one hundred and sixty-eight barrels of water; one five feet in diameter will hold five two-thirds barrels to each foot in depth; one six feet in diameter will hold six and three-fourths barrels per foot: one eight feet in diameter will hold twelve barrels, and so on.

SALLIE STEWART. To make "Peach Leather," stew your peaches as if for pies, taking out the stones and making into a pulp; put them on planed boards on a tin roof in the sun; in a few days they will be dry enough to peel off the boards. Then-roll them and put them in glass jars, all being perfectly dry.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear





THE WINTER ROSES.

BY HARRY J. HOLT.

The winter roses sweetly bloom At the window in my room; Filling all the heated air With their fragrance soft and rare. As the chilling snow comes down On the housetops like a crown, And the frost, the crystal rain Borders every window pane,

I then seek my little room, Where those fragrant roses bloom— Where the golden sunshine plays Through the short and wintry days.

Thus should ever blush and glow Through the frost and through the Through the rime and mold of art, The balmy roses of the heart.

The winter roses! Let them bloom, Gentle maiden, in your room; Mother, Sister, Friend and Wife, Let them bloom throughout your life.

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIF," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXVII. LYDIA'S SECRET.

In a little, low one-story cottage in the outskirts of Saco, on the Portland road, dwelt Dinah Salisbury; Aunty Dinah, as she was known far and wide.

Our readers will remember her as the colored woman with the "yaller" dog who rescued Lydia Grame from her snowy shroud in the streets of Boston, as related in our first cheater. in our first chapter.

Aunty Dinah made a comfortable living as a washerwoman, and the careful house-wives of the twin cities praised her skill

highly.
The old woman, her daily toil done, had just sat down to enjoy a cup of tea, when the dog, who had been quietly reposing on the hearth in front of the stove, raised his head, looked toward the door, and by his actions indicated as plainly as by words,

that some one was coming.
"Somebody comin' eh?" the old woman questioned, rising from her seat. The dog wagged his tail at the sound of his mistress'

"It's somebody that the dog knows for sure, or he'd done bark long ago," the old woman said, reflectively. Then there came a gentle tap at the door.
The old aunty opened it and Lydia Grame

entered. "Bress de Lord!" the old woman cried, in delight; "why, chile, is dat you?"

And the dog rose from his place by the

hearth and came up to Lydia, wagging his tail in token of amity.

The girl was dressed plainly; a dark waterproof cloak covered her form from head to foot, and she wore a light chip hat, gailor, fashion

sailor-fashion. "I thought that I would come and see on, aunty," Lydia said, and there was a troubled expression upon her beautiful face

as she spoke.

"Dat's right, chile; I'se glad dat you hain't forgotten yer old aunty."

"I have too few friends to forget any of them," the girl spoke sadly.

"Lor', honey, ye mus'n't speak dat way!" rejoined the old woman, caressingly. "You's got more friends dan any oder gal dat works in de mill. Everybody likes you, chile. But, I 'specks you's in trouble, honey; yer don't look well. Jis' sit down an' take a cup of tea an' tell yer ole aunty w'at's de

matter wid ye."
And the old woman, bustling about the room, placed a chair for the girl at the table. Lydia sat down, first removing her cloak and hat. It was plain from the expression upon the girl's features that she was much troubled.

"I've had supper, aunty," she said, as the old woman poured out a cup of tea for

"Nebber mind dat, chile; jis' you drink a cup of yer aunty's tea. Yer don't git such tea as dat everywhar, an' jes' try a bit of dat toast. See how glad dat fool dog is to see you! I nebber see'd any t'ing like dat afore." And the old woman laughed heartily as she beheld the dog frisking around the visitor, eager to receive a friendly word from her.

"Poor doggie," Lydia said, patting the dog's shaggy head with her soft, white hand. The dumb brute's joy at seeing her made the heart of the girl feel less wretched. The cold touch of the animal's nose rubbing against her hand seemed full of

sympathy.

"Now, honey, jes' you tole me w'at de matter is," the old negress persisted, sitting down to the table opposite to the girl.

"I hardly know how to tell you, aunty," the said after a few moments of thought.

she said, after a few moments of thought "Don't be skeered now, chile, for to tell er old aunty all 'bout it. I've lived a heap of years longer in dis world dan you have, an' p'haps I kin help yer out.'

"Aunty, I am very miserable!" Lydia exclaimed, impulsively. W'at's come to yer, chile?" asked the

old woman, in astonishment.
"Aunty, I want you to advise me what to do. I can speak freely to you, for you are the only friend that I have in the world. But for you I should have died in the snowbank where you found me in Boston. Perhaps it would have been better for me if you had heeded my wish and left me to die, instead of bringing me here," the girl said, impulsively, tears standing in the large dark eyes, and a look of misery plainly written on her features.

'Why, chile!" cried the old woman, in horror, "you mus'n't talk dat way; dat's wicked, dat is! A young gal like you to want to die! Lordy! dat's ag'in' natur'. Now, honey, you mus'n't talk like dat

ag'in."
"But, aunty, I am so miserable," the girl

rejoined, sadly.
"W'at's de matter, chile? Has yer quarreled wid yer young man?" asked the old woman, shrewdly.

A little red spot came into Lydia's pale cheeks, and she let her gaze rest on the floor for a moment.

Why don't you say, chile? You ain't out that he thought that he had seen a afeard to trust yer old aunty, are yer?"
"No, no," Lydia replied, quickly; "but how did you know that any gentleman was paying attentions to me?

Lordy, chile, the folks round hyer will

"And do they say that any gentleman is paying attentions to me?"

"I s'pecks they do; I heerd 'em."

"And who was the gentleman?"
"Dat Sinclair Paxton, honey, an' he ain't no poor white trash," the old woman said, emphatically.

For a few moments Lydia was silent; as she had suspected, Sinclair's attentions to her had been noticed, and already people had begun to couple their names together.

"And do they say that a rich man like
Mr. Paxton thinks of marrying a poor girl

like myself?" she asked.
"Yes, honey. Yer ain't had a quarrel wid him ?" No, no, but it is to ask your advice in regard to Mr. Paxton that I came to see you

to-night,"
"Dat's right, honey; I'll do de best I kin for you," the old woman observed, encour-

agingly.
"Mr. Paxton has been very kind to me ever since I came to the mill; he is the treasurer there, you know?" The old woman nodded.

And he has told me that he loves me and that he wishes me to become his wife."
"Dat's w'at I'd like to see, honey!" the
old woman exclaimed, exultantly. "Fore old woman exclaimed, exultantly. "Fore de Lord! I'd walk a hundred miles fur to

'But, aunty, suppose I can not be his Dinah stared at her for a moment in astonishment.

"Why not, chile? dat's w'at I'd like to know! He is a rich man while I am only a poor

Dat's nuffin'-dat don't count, nohow!" "But, if there is another reason?" Lydia added, and then she hesitated as if undecided whether to go on or stop. Then with a sudden movement, she set her lips tight together for a moment and the look of hesitation vanished.

"Aunty, I must speak plainly with you, "Aunty, I must speak plainly with you, for you are the only one in this world to whom I can go for counsel. There is a reason why I should not marry Sinclair Paxton. There is a man living, who, if I married Mr. Paxton, would hold me absolutely in his power. I should be his slave, obliged to do his will, and if my husband by any chance should happen to discover my unhappy secret, he might drive me from my unhappy secret, he might drive me from him with curses-with loathing, and I

should deserve to be so treated."
"Bress de Lord, chile!" exclaimed the old woman, in astonishment, "I don't un-

"And I can not fully explain, except that there is a dark secret connected with my early life. It was that secret pressing on my brain and driving me almost to mad-ness that made me seek death in the snowbank from which you rescued me. Now, aunty, I'll tell you what I came to ask. This man who possesses such a terrible hold upon me, knows of Mr. Paxton's love for me. He has offered that if I will give him a certain sum of money he will go away, so that I can marry Mr. Paxton and area isolated. that I can marry Mr. Paxton, and promised that I shall never see him again. Now, aunty, is it right for me to do this—to marry this gentleman, knowing as I do, that if this man does not keep his word and should

return, I doom both my husband and my-self to a lifetime of misery?"

"An' can't yur tell Mister Paxton all 'bout dis yer thing?" the old woman asked,

thoughtfully.
"No; I can not tell him, for if he knew my secret, our marriage would be impossi-ble," Lydia replied, slowly.
"Don't you have nuffin' to do wid him,

then, honey; dat ain't right; dat ain't 'cordin' to de Good Book; don't you do it, chile!" the negress said, decidedly.

That is what my own heart has told me ndred times, but I am so weak, so irre solute, and this man loves me so well. When I am with him I think that I could Lydia said, hurriedly and in strange excite-

"Don't you do it, honey! Act fa'r an' squar'; dat's de only way to git along in dis yere world."
"You are right! He must forget me and

I must forget him, and may Heaven give us both strength to bear our cross. Well, I must say good-by, aunty;" and Lydia rose and put on her things. "I must go, now. It is getting dark, and it is a long way home." home

Come again soon, honey. "Yes, yes," and Lydia hurried away On her homeward walk she passed by the Paxton mansion. A single glance she gave at the house, almost hid by the gloom of the evening, and then hurried on again, her face as white and stony as the face of a marble statue.

CHAPTER XXVIII. DADDY EMBDEN'S GHOST.

When the buggy, driven by Nathan, drew up in front of the Embden mansion, the old nan was so completely unnerved, that Nathan had to take him from the carriage as if he had been a child.

Delia had been on the look-out for her father's return, and when the buggy halted, she came out on the steps.

"Oh, father, you are sick!" she said.
"No, I ain't sick," he muttered slowly, as, with the aid of her arm, he tottered, unsteady steps, into the house. Nathan followed close behind.

Delia led the old man into the sittingroom, placed him in an arm-chair, then in response to Nathan's beckoning hand, she came to the door which led into the hall where the hired man stood

"What is the matter with father?" she asked, sorely troubled at the condition of

"Wal, Delie, it's hard to say," Nathan replied, slowly. "I drove up to the dea-con's house, and got there jest about nine, jest as you told me. And arter I got there, I thought I had better go into the house and let your father know that I was there. So I got out of the wagon, and I walked into the yard. I tumbled over somethin' all curled into a heap on the ground. I thought furst that it was some feller who had been drinking too much rum and had straggled into the deacon's yard to sleep it off. when I come to examine, I found that it was your father. I got him into the buggy and he talked all the time as crazy as a bed-bug; I couldn't make head nor tail of it at furst, but arter we drove on a spell, I found

"A ghost!" cried the girl in wonder. "Sartin! a ghost wrapped up in a mil'tarry cloak and wearing a straw hat."

"But did he see any thing?"
"Wal, now, furst off, I thought mebbe that he had seen somebody passing in the street, who looked like somebody that he

once knew, and who was dead. But arter we got over the bridge and was coming up the hill, he dropped down in a faint ag in, and when I roused him out of it, he said that he had seen the ghost ag in."

"But did you see any thing?"

"Not a thing; and when I found out what ailed him, I jumped right out of the buggy and went back, but I couldn't see any thing at all, except a couple of girls "Then you think that father did not really see any thing, and that the ghost is only in his imagination?" the girl asked

thoughtfully.
"That's jest what I think. I don't be lieve in ghosts, anyway; I never see'd but one, and that turned out to be dad's white

cow."
"Oh, what shall I do with him?" cried the girl, wringing her hands in despair.

"Wal, if I was you, now, Delie," Nathan said, confidentially, "the furst thing I'd do would be to go and mix him up a stiff, hot rum punch. Your daddy's been a sailor, you know, and hot rum comes kinder natural to you. The I'd set him of the half." ral to 'em. Then I'd get him off to bed."
"Yes, I will do so."

"I'll put the horse up, then I'll come in and talk to him; but I tell you he's as cranky as all git-eout."

Then Nathan departed, while Delia re-

turned to her father.

The old man was sitting in the easy-chair. with his head resting on the table, and hidden by his hands.

"Don't you feel well, father?" the girl asked, approaching and kneeling down by With a nervous motion, Embden raised his head and looked carefully around the

room before he spoke. "I'm sick at heart, Delie; that's where I'm sick," he said, slowly.
"Shan't I mix you some hot rum, fa-

"Yas, yas," he replied, quickly; "I want somethin to steady my nerves; I'm only a

wrack, now." So Delia went and prepared the hot "That's what your mother used to fix up for me," he said, slowly and reflectively, while a tear stood in his eye. "Many's the squally night I've managed to run in after a hard northeast blow and found your mother sitting up and waiting for your fisher. ther sitting up and waiting for me. If she had only lived I never would have done it: but the devil fished for my soul; he baited his hook with a great lot of money, and he caught me, poor sinner that I am. The dea-con says, too, that I'll roast in hell-fire. Oh Lord!" and the old man groaned aloud in

The girl had listened in utter amazement to the strange words which had fallen from

her father's lips.
"Why, father, how could the deacon say such a cruel thing as that of you?" she ask-

ed in wonder.

"He didn't know that it was me, Delie,"
the old man moaned. "The deacon has
known me man and boy for forty year. He never knew me to wrong anybody out of a penny. The Biddeford folks used to say, 'Skipper Embden's a hard man at a bargain, but he's honest to a cent, and only wants what's coming to him. There wasn't a man, woman or child from Bostin to the Kennebec that wouldn't trust the skipper of the Nancy Jane; they wouldn't believe now that I was a thief, and a red-handed

"Oh, father!" cried the girl with tears in her eyes, "you mustn't say such dreadful

"But it's truth, gal. Oh, I'm a dreadful man!" and Embden moaned in agony.
"Now, father, don't speak that way," Delia said, caressingly, "why, if any one should hear you speak like that they would

surely think that you were crazy."
"Oh, if I could only think so!" the old man muttered; "if I could only make my-self believe that I was crazy on that dreadful night. Oh, how it all comes back to me. I kin see it now, jist as plain as I did Arter he was dead, he followed me then. down the river, and as I looked over the starn, I see'd him a-floating on his back, and a staring up at me, as much as to say, I'll never leave you, and he never has, really, for I see him all the time, no matter

"Why don't you try and think of some-thing else, father?" the girl said, coaxingly. "Yes, I know," the old man said, shak-'Yes, I know," the old man said, shaking his head sorrowfully. "You think that I don't know what I'm talking about, but I do; I ain't crazy. The deacon knew that I wasn't crazy. He knelt down and prayed for me, poor sinner that I am. I felt better arter I heerd him pray. It kinder lifted my soul up. I kinder thought how my mother used to pray for me when I was running round, a barefooted how. It's putty running round, a barefooted boy. It's putty hard for a God-fearing man, who has lived an honest life for forty years, to turn all of a sudden into a pesky villain. The deacon says I must give it all up, and so I will, but, oh, Lord! I can't bring back the life that's We can take it away, but we can't

"Now, father, try and don't talk this way," and the girl smoothed back the bristly hair of the old man caressingly.
"I know you think I'm wrong; Nathan thought that I was crazy to-night when I

said that I saw it on the street.' What father?'

"But whose ghost?"

"Why, the man who floated down the Rappahannock." All this was a mystery to the girl. One thing only was plain to her, and that was that her father was laboring under the

pressure of a strong mental excitement.
"Was the man dead?" Yas, of course he was dead; he couldn't a-floated ef he hadn't been dead.

"And you saw him to-night?"
"Jest as plain as I see you, Delie," the old man said, solemnly. "I was coming out of the deacon's house, half-way 'cross the yard, mebbe, and I happened to raise my eyes and look out into the street over the gate, and there he stood, jest the other side of the gate. He was a-looking at meright straight at me—and his face was jest as pale as death, and his eyes they looked like great balls of fire. He never moved a mite, only stood and looked at me."

"But are you sure, father, that it wasn't somebody passing by who happened to bear a resemblance to the person whom you think it was? It was dark, wasn't it, fa-

Yas, a leetle dark." "Well, in the dark you might have made "Yas, but I saw it again, Delie," he said, not at all convinced.

"When was that?"

"Arter we crossed the bridge, and was driving up the hill. I was a-looking 'round 'cos I thought that he would foller me, and jest as we were going up the hill, he came right out of a dark shadow, right side of the buggy; rose, you know, as ghosts do, right out of the airth."
"But, what became of him?" the girl

asked, unable to decide whether her father was laboring under a delusion or not.
"I don't know," the old man said, doubt-

fully; "I went down all in a heap at the bottom of the buggy."

"But Nathan said that he got out and "'Cos I'm the only one it appears to.
Everybody can't see ghosts. It's only wretched sinners like I am," and the old man groaned in bitterness of spirit.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

The Hermit Trapper:

OLD SOLITARY,

THE DRAGON OF SILVER LAKE.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"IRONSIDES, THE SOUDT," "DEATH-NOTCH,
THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BAND OF HORSEMEN. Over the great plain, and down toward the settlement of Mound Prairie, galloped a band of horsemen at a breakneck speed. Their half-nude forms, their painted faces and plumed heads told that they were a band of savage warriors with mischief in their hearts, for their faces were streaked and ringed with war paint until they appeared like very demons of hideousness.

They bestrode strong-limbed mustang ponies, and were armed with rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife.

They galloped furiously on until at length they gained the summit of a swell in the prairie, from whence Mound Prairie and the oak openings were just discernible away to the southward. The Sioux chieftain drew rein, and his

"Look away yonder, my braves," he said, pointing toward the settlement, "you will see the wigwams of the pale-faces nestled in among the groves where the red-man used to take the deer."

band, numbering a score and ten, followed

"The scalp of a pale-face," replied a giant savage, "is worth more than the skin

of a deer. "Yes, yes, Great Wolf," replied the chief; "but we must not trouble the settlers there yet. We must have the scalp of the Hermit Trapper first, for he is a foe to be feared more than a score of the pale-face When we get his scalp, then will Waucosta lead his warriors upon Mound Prairie, for there dwells his heart in the breast of a pale-face lily, whose name is Mildred. And by her side grows a stately rose, whose name is Ethel, and who would make bright the lodge of Great Wolf. These flowers has Waucosta seen while lying concealed among the bushes in the Oak

Openings."
"Waucosta is a great chief," returned the great savage giant; "it is because he has the heart of the red-man within the breast

of a white man.' There was a momentary silence, during which time the savages feasted their eyes upon the distant settlement like birds of prey gathering strength and courage to swoop down upon the unsuspecting quarry. At length Waucosta headed his animal northward, and said—in plain English-which told that he was a white man: 'Let us push on for the lake and the

White Hermit's scalp.' The whole party turned and rode away in single file, in a slow, easy gallop.

They rode on in silence for several hours. and at last the timber bordering on the lake

burst upon their view. Never halting, they galloped on. They reached the timber. Here they slackened their pace, but continued on until they had reached a dark and densely-wooded valley a mile or more north of the lake, where they came to a halt and dismounted.

Hitching their animals under a dense clump of trees, the warriors gathered in a group near by. We are now less than an hour's ride from the wigwam of the White Hermit," said Waucosta; "does Great Wolf still say

he will bear the message of Black Buffalo "Great Wolf is not a coward. He has promised the chief to bear his message to

the Hermit Trapper, and he will do it."
"Let Great Wolf be careful, for the Hermit is a powerful warrior," said Waucosta. 'And the strength of Great Wolf is like the panther's," said the self-conceited giant "his equal does not walk these hunting

"Then let Great Wolf be off for the Hermit Trapper's wigwam. Tell him that he must leave our hunting grounds. If he refuses to go, bring his scalp, and then will Great Wolf have won the honors of a war-

Great Wolf arose to go. He adjusted his weapons, some fresh scalps that dangled at his girdle, and drew his blanket close about his shoulders. All these preparations seemed to have been an excuse for delay. There was an air of hesitation about him, and his facial muscles moved and twitched as though he wanted to say something, yet was in doubt as to the manner in which it would be construed by his companions. At

length, however, he said:
"There will be much plunder at the wigwam of the Hermit Trapper; had not a warrior better go with Great Wolf to help bring it away?"

"Yes; let Great Wolf pick his warrior," replied Waucosta, and the shadow of a smile hovered about his lips, for he saw that Great Wolf was afraid to go alone to the trapper's cabin. The savage selected his companion—a small, wiry fellow, with eyes like daggers—and took his departure for the trapper's

While waiting his return, Waucosta and one of his warriors shouldered their rifles and moved away toward the lake in search

On reaching a point overlooking the water, they were not a little surprised to see a column of smoke drifting up from among ne treetops on the eastern side of the ake. They knew that some one, either riend or foe, was encamped there. But, as an Indian never permits himself to linger in doubt, the two began a careful reconnoissance of the vicinity.

of game for supper.

Keeping within the densest portion of the woods, Waucosta crept toward the camp-fire, guided in his course by the ascending smoke. He moved on and on, and at last came in sight of the camp. He was not a little surprised to see seven white men seated around the fire.

As he ran his eyes hastily from face to face, an involuntary cry suddenly burst from his lips when his gaze fell upon the features of Captain Roland Disbrowe.

He apparently recognized the captain's face, and yet he scanned his form and fea-tures as if in doubt. But at length he seemed to have settled the matter of identi-ty, and gave himself up to a moment's re-flection, in which the evil workings of his mind were expressed by the nervous twitching of the facial muscles.

At length, as a grim smile that expressed some evil determination at heart, swept over his paint-bedaubed visage, he arose, and stealing his way back to where his companion was in waiting, proceeded with hasty footsteps to his camp in the valley.

His warriors saw at once, by the expression of his face, that his absence from camp had been attended with something of an unusual character; and in this they were not in fault, for, without questioning, Waucosta acquainted them with the discovery he had made of their close proximity to a

party of hunters.
"When night comes and Great Wolf has returned, then will we go over to the lake and capture the pale-face hunters. But they must be taken alive. Let my braves all remember this."

A murmur of general satisfaction passed A murmur of general satisfaction passed from lip to lip among the warriors, and their eyes glowed with a fierce joy in the eager anticipation of the coming night's work. With restless gaze they scanned the western sky. The sun hung just above the treetops. It would soon go down. Another hour and it would be dark.

But, ere half of that time had elapsed, a strange figure came from the gathering shadows of twilight, and paused in their midst.

It was Great Wolf, though his face was so disfigured that it could not be recognized. Only the tall form and peculiar clothing

told them that it was Great Wolf.

The lifeless form of his companion was lashed to his back. His hands were bound, and his head shaven of its scalp-lock. His shoulders and breast were covered with blood, as was also the disfigured face. "Good God, Great Wolf!" burst in pro-

fane English from the lips of the renegade chief, Waucosta, "what in the furies does this mean? "Behold the work of the accursed palefaces," the savage giant muttered between

faces," the savage giant muttered between his swollen lips.

"Pale-faces!" exclaimed Waucosta; "has more than one had hold of you?"

"Yes; as many as there are fingers on Great Wolf's hands," replied the savage.

A scowl of vengeance swept over the savages' faces, and Waucosta censured himself for not having gone in force to the trapper's cabin. But it was too late now to make amends, and after Great Wolf had been freed of his lifeless burden, and his bruised and lacerated face anointed with bruised and lacerated face anointed with the juice of a plant, noted in Indian surgery for its soothing and healing properties, he gave a well-constructed story of his adventure with overwhelming numbers of the foe. Despite the condition in which he appeared in camp, he succeeded in covering himself with more glory than if he had ta-ken the scalp of Old Solitary, and in arousing the spirit of vengeance within the breasts of his comrades.

Waucosta dispatched a messenger at once to Black Buffalo, with the news that the war had begun, and requesting that he send a reinforcement of a hundred warriors to

the lake immediately. The chief could scarcely restrain the emotion of his warriors, so fierce did they be-come with a feeling of vengeance; but as the shades of night were already gathering around them, they relapsed into silent wrath, and began their preparations for departure to the hunters' camp by the lake, each one promising himself a scalp, in spite of Wau-

osta's injunction to take them all alive. By the time darkness had fairly settled in the woodland, the savages were in motion, moving like so many grim shadows toward

CHAPTER IX.

OLD SOLITARY IN CAMP. As the reader has doubtless inferred, the savages in the canoe upon which the Monster was bearing down, were a detachment of Waucosta's party under Waucosta him-

In skirting along the lake shore in their endeavors to approach and surprise our friends, they had found the canoes lying beached under some willows. The presence of the craft there induced the chief to believe that they could approach the camp of the hunters by water with greater ease

and caution than they could by land.
So with five of his best warriors, the chief embarked in the canoe, and coasting along within the shadow of the shore until he saw, from the light of the camp-fire reflected among the branches of the trees, that they were opposite the camp, he then permitted the canoe to drop out into the moon-

It was at this juncture that the red-skins discovered the approach of the terrible Monster of the Lake.

They had heard wonderful stories of this creature months before, from the lips of those who had seen it, but it had not occurred to Waucosta and his braves once since their arrival there, that Silver Lake was the home of the Monster.

They were, therefore, paralyzed with terror at sight of it; while upon the other hand, the band of whites had been expecting it, and were, in a great measure, prepared for the sight, though the creature was even more terrible-looking than it had been represented.

It was fully ten feet in length, and may have been many more, for from the middle of the body it tapered back like the tail of a serpent, and its rear extremities may have been under water. The huge, soaly body was more than half under water, while the angular, serpent-like head was thrust upward more than three feet above the surface of the lake. From the head downward the neck grew larger. It was arched like that of a serpent preparing to strike, and as it advanced toward the savages, its terrible jaws opened and closed, displaying a double row of long, white fangs, while the breath that issued from its throat seemed like puffs of hot smoke. Its eyes were deep-set, small, and glowed and scintillated like balls of fire-actually shooting out dull beams of light that reached the water before it.

Short wings put out from each side of the monster, and leut an additional terror to its dragon like appearance. But these wings were used as propellers, as a fish uses its fins, and much on the same principle that an aquatic fowl uses its web-feet in swimming. When the wings had spent their orce against the water, they would close, disappear under the surface of the water and instantly appear forward, when they would again spread out, strike the water like oars, and again disappear under the surface and appear, like a sudden flash, for-

ward for a new stroke. It was a terrible creature, and as it shot forward toward the savages, its breast cleaving the waves like a sharp prow of a boat and the water fairly foaming in its wake, it was a sight well calculated to strike terror to the heart of the superstitious savage. Even the whites were held spell-bound with a species of wonder and horror, at sight of the wonderful Monster with its glowing eyes and yawning mouth?

Some of them clutched their rifles as if to shoot the dragon, while detective Dart, as if under the influence of some horrible fascination, glided to the water's very edge and leaning forward, supported by a bush, gazed with starting eyeballs at the creature. Waucosta being a white man, and possessed of less superstition than his savage compades, recovered in a moment his sudden ferror, and raising his rifle, fired upon the advancing monster But his aim was unsteady, or else the creature was invulnerable to bullets, for it still came on

Possessed anew with terror, the renegade chief seized the paddle and attempted to turn the cance and seek safety in flight. But just as he had turned the craft in a course at right-angles with that of the Monster, the breast of the latter struck the side of the cance. There was a crash the side of the frail bark craft was stove in, and the next moment the savages were floundering in the water, while the Monster, sinking downward almost from view, glided away and was soon lost from the sight of our friends in the darkness alone the shore

It required but a minute for the terrified savages to reach the shore and plunge into the dense shadows of the forest, and then our friends realized a feeling of relief re lief from the terrible silence that had been

"Ay, friend Dart," said Captain Disbrowe, "what do you think of that?" Quite a drama, quite a drama, Cap. Beat's any thing I ever saw; and demmy if it don't try one's nerves," repled the de-tective, betraying some excitement, which, however, seemed feigned. "That Monster is a terrible thing-a creature unknown to zoologists of this age. Quite a wonder, quite a terror. Ha! ha! but didn't it make

those savages git up and dust?"
"Yes; it seemed to have a withering effect on their nerves," replied young Harry

"I presume," said Captain Disbrowe they will not venture back in this neighborhood soon again; but, by Jupiter! came within an ace of getting our hair lifted by those skulking rascals i But, then, a miss is as good as a mile, so we may as

well adjourn to our camp." out has besided to the camp. The fire was replenished with fuel, and the little party again seated themselves within its cheerful glow. The Monster of the Lake now furnished a theme for conversation. The detective expressed his opinion freely in regard to it, and argued with ability that it was a species of the monster Saurians, such as those whose remains are found by geological researches in the Eccene Period, or Age of Reptiles.

And so the conversation ran on until the party were suddenly startled by the sound

"Tickle my ole scalp, if you ar'n't a like ly set of tars to have your scalps on, when the red hounds of Satan are swarmin' thick 'Old Solitary, as I live!" exclaimed Cap-

tain Disbrowe, advancing with extended hand to meet the old trapper; "right glad am I to meet you-heavens, man! don't crush my hand in your iron fingers!" Wal, my boys," said the old trapper, dropping the butt of his rifle to the ground.

and clasping his hands over the muzzle of the piece, which he leaned slightly forward "what s'prises me is to see you squattin' here, in camp, with yer ha'r all on.

"I suppose our safety is owing to the Monster of the Lake," said Harry Thomas. "The Monster! Whew! have you seen that critter to night?" and "Yes," replied Thomas, "less than an

"The dickens, you say! That Monster makes the ice rattle down a feller's back like rip—hullo! a stranger?" and for the first time the old trapper's eyes fell upon detective Dart. of

"A friend of mine, Old Solitary, Jabez Dart, of Ohio, detective by profession," said Captain Disbrowerqus

"Jabez Dart, de-tective, ch?" exclaimed Old Solitary; "glud to meet you, ole coon; give us d wag of your paw." The detective advanced and acknowledged the pleusure of the old trapper's acquaintance in a cordial manner. They exchanged

a few words, and then all the party but Old Solitary seated himself before the fire Sit down, Solitary," said Disbrowe, "sit

down and rest your bones. "Nay, nay, captain; you never catch this ole carcase reposin' in ease when thar's kits of red-skins ravin' around like hungry

covotes."

Why, Solitary, are the red-skins so thick in these woods?" asked the captain.
"Plenty as frogs along the lake. It war
only a bit ago that I let the daylight out of one of the buggers, and spread the nose of another over his greasy phiz. Yes, boys, trubble may be expected from the Sioux Bullets and ha'r will fly like sand, and altho' I have no desire to have my meat-house punctured with a chunk of lead, I'll take my chances with the rest. No, the Sioux are not goin to stand by the

treaty of the Fox and Sac tribes, and are

determined to make their vengeance be felt

fur not includin' them in the pow-wow.

But, if deviltry is their game, scalps is my checker, and a high ole time we'll have." "Truly, truly," said detective Dart, "you old codgers speak of killing and skinning Indians like beaver. Now, if it is fun, I wouldn't mind a short spell of it, for I'm old 'miran' on a short spell of it, for I'm old 'pizen' on a shot and lively times in

Wal, now, Ole Pizen," returned the trapper, with a pleasant chuckle, "if you love fun so well, jist come with me a spell, and we'll go and make a reconnois bout these diggin's afore we all indulge in too much carelessness."

"I'm your man!" exclaimed Dart, springing to his feet, and taking up the rifle with which he had been provided at Mound Prairie; "lead the way, Mr. Solitary, and if I git lost just whistle."
"Whistle?" reiterated the trapper;

"now, Pizen, if you don't want to lose your ha'r, don't speak above a whisper arter we are outen sight of that fire. Mind ye, we can't go callin' to one anuther like a couple of children huntin' posies in the woods of Ohio. No siree; you must step like a cat, fur we're a couple of hunters, goin' out

'Lead' the way, Solitary, lead the way,"

returned Dart, impatiently.

The old trapper took the lead, closely followed by the light-footed detective, leaving the other six seated before the fire, their sides convulsed with suppressed laughter that respects advice and the blunt reover the trapper's advice and the blunt re-marks of the detective.

The two moved slowly until some distance from the camp, then they quickened their footsteps, and, after journeying a couple hundred yards, they pushed their way through a dense thicket and entered a little glade, where it was so light that the rays of the moon seemed to have concentrated there in a focus

there in a focus. Walking to the center of this opening Old Solitary stopped, and, turning about dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, as was his custom when standing, and gazing down upon the detectiveseemed a pigmy by the side of him—said, in a slow, decided tone: And you are Jabez Dart, the detective,

eh ? The detective made no reply, more than

The detective made no reply, more than to draw a slip of paper from an inner pocket and hand it to the trapper.

"Do you know that?" Dart asked.

The old woodman took the paper and gazed at the scrawling writing upon it, with that innocent, childlike ignorance of one who does not know one letter from another.

"Read it, Durt," he said, passing it back to the detective: "then I can tell more about it,"

Dart took the paper and read as follows: "JABEZ DART .—Come at once to Silver Lake, in the Territory of Iowa, and you will hear something in regard to the Hart's Ford

'OLD SOLITARY, THE HERMIT TRAPPER." "That's it," said the trapper, "that's it."
"And now what do you know about the Hart's Ford murder?" questioned Dart.
"'Sh! silence! to the shadows! I hear footsteps!" demanded the trapper, and leading the way they clied across the way they clied across." ing the way, they glided across the opening and into the deep shadows.

Here they listened. They heard the

tread of a heavy foot.
"Is it a savage?" asked Dart, in a whis-

"Not a bit of it, Pizen. An Ingin walks like a cat, and wears moccasins, but that feller treads like a buck, and's got boots on.!"
"Verily!" returned Dart, in his careless

"Yes, and tickle my scalp if I don't foller him, and see who it is, and what he's goin'. Stay right here, Pizen, till I return."

So, so-all right." And Jabez Dart was alone.

CHAPTER X.

AN ARROW IN CAMP. AFTER Old Solitary and Jabez Dart left the camp, Captain Disbrowe and his party relapsed into that ease and fearlessness that comes of a sense of security. For since the old trapper had made his appearance at their camp, all dangers seemed to have

But this they soon found was really not Something whizzed through the air and struck, with a dull thud, the tree-

lips of one of the party, and the next instant every man was upon his feet. Captain Disbrowe turned and saw, quiv-

ering in the tree within three inches of where his head had reclined, an arrow. The barbed point was half buried in the wood, and around the shaft he saw something like a piece of thin parchment carefully wrapped. Snatching the arrow from the tree, the

captain turned to his comrades, and said: "Boys, let us fall back under cover of the darkness. There are Indians about, and this fire will tell them where to strike." With rifles in hand, the hunters glided nto the shadows beyond the radius of their firelight. Captain Dishrowe found that he as alone when he had gained a point of safety, his comrades having taken a differ ent course.

With the mysterious arrow still in his hand, he moved on until he had gained a little moonlit opening, where he stopped and examined the missile. True enough, he found the shaft had been wrapped with a gauze-like strip of fine dressed buck-skin, and on removing this from the shaft, he saw it was written on with red ink, or the uice of the wild grape, in a rude but legible hand, which he was enabled to read by the moonlight, and which ran thus:

"DEAR ROLL-Meet me forthwith on the peninsula, or north side of lake. Fail not!

The captain started, and the hand that held the paper shook like an aspen. But why should he? Was the missive, couched as it was, in the language of a threat, addressed to him? Was "Huldy" known to him? Did he fear Huldy?

Be this as it may, he re-read the missive, then thrust it in his pocket, and, taking up his rifle, strode rapidly off through woods. He shaped his course toward the lake, and in a few minutes reached its shore. Here he turned and proceeded along the bank toward the north.

Rounding the north-east angle of the lake, he soon came to where a high, narrow point of densely-wooded land was thrust outward like a wedge into the clear

In the center of this peninsula was a little glade, toward which Captain Disbrowe pushed his way. He started suddenly back as he stepped

himself confronted by an Indian. Let Captain Disbrowe have no fear." said the savage, in plain English, seeing the captain's sudden movement.

into the moonlighted space, for he found

Disbrowe breathed easier and advanced into the opening. "Is it possible," he said, "that I meet you thus."

Waucosta," interrupted the savage chieftain, for he it was, "call me Wau-costa, for your old friend, 'Huldy,' you know, was murdered. Ha! ha!" "By Heaven! this beats me!" returned

'No doubt of it," replied the Indian, in a tone tinged with sarcasm, "no doubt of it. But time is precious, captain, and I want to have a talk with you about old You need not start, captain; no

"Say what you have to say, for I must return to camp," replied the captain, a lit-

"Rest easy, captain; it's a long time till morning, I'm in a hurry, too, but it's no use to fret. But I suppose Ethel Leland is your wife, long ere this."
"No absolute learning to the suppose I have been supposed to the suppose I have been supposed to the supposed to th To; she is single, and so am I.

"The Furies, you say! Honor bright, now, captain?"
"I am telling you the truth." "Well, that beats me. What is the trou-

'Ethel has been slow to forget her old lover, Frank Hammond,

"And is your prospect still dark?"

"No. I will wed her soon."

"Happy day!" exclaimed Waucosta, discarding his Indian ways, and deliberate manner of speaking. "I am glad to hear that certain."

that, captain."

"Why? What is it to you whether I ever wed her, or not?"

"Considerable. She has a sister, has she

How did you find it out ?" "I have been spying around Mound Prairie. I lay in the opening and saw Ethel and Millie sail by like birds of paradise, and says I to myself: 'Waucosta, with Captain Disbrowe's help, Millie Fayville shall be your wife.'"

"And suppose I refuse to give you help."

And suppose I refuse to give my help?" said the captain.

"Oh, but you will! I know you will, captain, after what I have done for you."
"I paid you well for it," returned Dis-"You think so, captain, but if you'd only knowed how I suffered that winter, five years ago, in crossing the prairies to the

east of here, you'd see that I was poorly paid. I must have Millie—I will have her, and you, captain, shall do your duty."

There was a threat in Waucosta's words,

the meaning of which Disbrowe did not comprehend, or else he dare not refute it. There was an acquaintanceship existing between these two men that was evidently fraught with some secret, which Waucosta appeared to wield with no little power. After a moment's silence and reflection, Captain Disbrowe asked: What would you have me do, Waucos-

"Any thing, Disbrowe, any thing, so can get Millie Fayville for a wife. When I think of how nigh I came perishing in that snow-storm five years ago, in crossing the prairie, I think I am entitled to a purty little wife to make the remainder of my days nappy and sunshiny

"I shall do nothing against your getting her if you can, Waucosta, nor will I do any thing to help you get her."

"Eh? that's your decision, is't?"

"Then, by ge-mently, you shan't enjoy the happiness of being Ethel's husband!" "I have paid you for your silence once," replied Disbrowe, "and there should be honor, even among rascals—"
"Such as you and me, captain. Ha! ha!

ha!" interrupted the renegade chief; "if captain, it's probable we'd never met ag'in this side of the brimstone pit; but as we have, I'd be a purty fool to let sich a chance fur a wife, as Millie Fayville is, go by, jist because one rascal said he'd do a favor fur anuther. Now don't you see my point, captain?"

The captain made no reply, but with the trunk against which Captain Disbrowe was reclining.

"Indians!" involuntarily burst from the lips of one of the party, and the next in

but he was no match for the enraged captain. In endeavoring to bear him to the earth, Disbrowe pushed the chief across the opening into the brush. Here he tried to throw him again, but the light-footed chief managed to keep erect.

managed to keep erect.

Slowly Disbrowe pressed him through the undergrowth, until finally they stood upon the edge of the precipice overhanging the lake. Here a desperate struggle ensued, but Disbrowe proved the victor, by pushing wareast over the precipite in the lake. Waucosta over the precipice into the lake.

He drew a breath of relief, and advancing to the edge of the cliff, gazed down into the water. He saw Waucosta struggling with the waves. He drew a pistol from the breast of his hunting-shirt, with the determination of shooting the renegade. He cocked the weapon and pointed it down at the chief. But he did not five. At this innetwee he But he did not fire. At this juncture he beheld two small orbs of fire come into view from around an angle of the peninsula. He fixed his eyes upon these objects and back of them, he beheld the dark, scaly form of the Monster of the Lake, bearing with swift wings, down upon the doomed Waucosta.

With a new terror—a conscience stained with crime—Roland Disbrowe turned and fled the spot.

nadiaM PACHAPTER XI, THE CAPTAIN'S TRIP TO MOUND PRAIRIE. JABEZ DART waited and waited for the

return of Old Solitary, until he finally began to think he never would come back.
But at length his patience was rewarded by hearing footsteps, and the next moment the old trapper was by his side. 'Back, are you?" said the impatient detective.

"Yes," replied the the trapper; "but I war detained longer than I expected to

"Well, what did you make out of that figure that passed us?"
"'Siderable, Pizen, 'siderable. I've hearn lots and seen more since I've been gone. So I'll jist tell you what it war."
He leaned forward and whispered in Dart's

ear, as though he were afraid of other listeners about A low exclamation burst from the detective's lips when he had concluded his story. They conversed a few moments

story. They conversed longer, then returned to camp.

The hunters had all recovered from their resigned by the stray arrow, and fright occasioned by the stray arrow, and returned to the camp, with the exception of Captain Disbrowe. He was still absent, but came in soon after the return of Old Solitary and Dart, looking perfectly calm

and self-possessed.

"Wal, Cap, what diskivery did you make?" asked the old trapper.

"The woods are swarming with Indians, and I would suggest that this camp-fire be

put out, so that its light will not make us uch conspicuous marks for savage bullets."
"Good advice, Cap," replied Old Solitary

"and I'm afraid Mound Prairie will suffer for want of some one to keep them on their "I was just thinking of that, Solitary and I believe it would be well for me to mount my horse and hasten back to the set

tlement and put the settlers on their guard."
"I'd favor the idea, Cap," said the trapper, and his words were repeated by every man present. The captain waited for no further words apon the subject, but saddling his horse, he mounted and took his departure for Mound Prairie. He rode with all the speed of his

horse, but did not reach the settlement until an hour after daylight the next morn He found the settlers all astir, and they were not a little surprised to see him there

his horse white with foam and panting with exhaustion. Why, captain, what is the matter?" asked Maurice Fayville, whom he chanced to meet first.

rice, and I have come to put you on your guard. I left the other boys at the lake, where the red demons are swarming thick-"Great God!" exclaimed Mr. Fayville.

"The Sioux are on the war-path, Mau-

"I hope we will not have to suffer the hor rors of an Indian war?" "The prospects are, alas! too favorable to believe otherwise, Mr. Fayville, but us be prepared to meet the foe when he

"Yes, yes, captain, that is true. Get the men all together soon as possible, and issue your orders for the defense of the place. On your shoulders, captain, hangs the mili-

tary part of the preparations.' With this assurance Disbrowe went to work. A block-house, surrounded with palisades, which had been erected two years previous, was one of the strongest defensive features of the settlement, and this was but in readiness for immediate occupation, should the stern necessity of an attack re

The captain managed to keep himself busy all the time, though the responsibilities resting upon him did not require such active exertions. But then he had a motive in this. It was the hope of meeting Ethel Leland alone. He wished to have a talk with her, and, in view of the threatening danger, urge her into an immediate marriage with him, so that she would be placed more di-

rectly under his protection. It was near the middle of the afternoon of that same day that he saw Ethel issue from the door of a neighbor's cabin and move away toward her own home. As her course lay through a small grove, he bent his footsteps in a direction that would enable him to intercept her in the heart of the grove, where his path crossed hers at right-angles.

As he neared the place of the anticipated meeting he was not a little startled by seeing Jabez Dart glide from a clump of bushes and confront Ethel. The maiden uttered a little cry at sight of him, but she soon calmed her emotions, and advancing, entered into a conversation with him

Disbrowe stopped short. He was aston ished, surprised, for he supposed Dart was still at the lake. He was where he could see them, and yet not be seen himself: and from the quick gestures of Dart, and the emotions of Ethel, he knew their interview must be one of an extraordinary nature.

A secret resolve possessed the captain An uneasy conscience made him suspect something—he knew not what, and crouching down, he crept softly to within earshol of Ethel and Dart, just in time to hear the

'Now, don't forget. Look in the crotch of the hawthorne by the Crystal Spring about dark, and you will find a letter there, So saying, Dart moved away, and Ethel

resumed her homeward course.

Disbrowe's mind was too deeply involved in thought to follow either his betrothed or the detective. But their conduct seemed very strange, indeed. There was a bit of a mystery connected with it, and in his heart ne resolved to know what secret the hom-

orne would have to reveal about dark. (To be continued—commenced in No. 147.)

Iron and Gold: THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRES-CENT," "MOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNGHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE RED SCORFION," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. BIG DAN ARCUSED.

"Ha! there he goes! A bitter curse go with him, A scathin; curse!" THE smile on the doctor's face was grim. Jiggers stared in amaze.

My! What have you done?" stammered Sent him to the rats!" hissed Onnorrann; and then he turned toward the trap, leaving Jiggers still gasping, staring, aston-

"Aha!" he muttered, as he gazed down into the murky hole, and his eyes fairly danced behind the spectacles, "so you'll find out about your daughter, eh? even if you have to choke me some! Pleasant, indeed—very pleasant. And you'll speak presently' of the will you made, eh? Maybe so. You were rash, friend Mandor. You should have known better. What?-I give up the prospect that has fed fat my old hate for so long? Hardly! Tell you where Zella Mandor is? Why should I? What a pity you were not killed, that day you rode the mettlesome steed whose sole ambition was to break the bones of every one who mounted him !—a great pity; for then I would have been saved this trouble -hark!" He ceased suddenly, and listened, in silence, for several seconds.

I thought I heard a groan? No matter it was fancy."
"What's down there, good master doc-

James Jiggers, impelled by curiosity, beyond the restraint of fear, had ventured in on tiptos and he craned his neck to look down into the depths of darkness.

Onnorrann eyed him fixedly.

"Rats!" was the brief answer.

Oh, my!" "And skeletons I"
"My I" "Snakes - lizards - bugs -worms - in-

sects—ghosts—goblins—"
"O-h!" Jiggers looked at him in a frightened way, and quickly drew back, as if he dreaded an apparition of all the horrible contents his employer was enumerat-

"Underneath us," exclaimed the doctor, "in a room, bricked up, separate from the rest of the house. It has no floor, and below it is a damp, grave-like cellar—a clear fall of thirty feet."

The ogle eyes twitched; the jaw fell low-"There's where I've sent him to," finished Onnorrang

"And can't he get out?" inquired Jiggers, scarce above a whisper.

"Not an outlet, save a long hole that leads to the Biddle street sewer—there's where the rats come from."

"How would you like to be put down Jiggers sidled away, and his heart began to thump. "James—" awfully sepulchral, "you've got to go down."

"Eh? I, good master doctor?" with a gasp and a whine. You know too much." and and

"Good master doctor, I know nothing at You do!" sharply.
Yes—Ildo, I do. Oh, Lord! D-d-

don't put me down there!" "Will you swear never to tell what you know, or what you have seen?"

know, or what you have seen?

"I'll never tell, I vow I"

"Remember—" taking a quick step forward, which so startled Jiggers, that he dropped to his knees, and clapped his hands; "if you even hint, I'll catch you, wherever

"I know you will; I know you will, good "I'll pursue you, on wings, through the

rin pursue you, on wings, intonga air—or dive through the earth after you. I'll be sure to get hold of you; and, if you breathe a word, I'll scrape your flesh from your bones, and boil your skeleton in a soup "Oh, Lord!" with a groan. "Now, go back to your desk, and finish your work."

"I will—I will." He hastily scrambled to his feet, and wriggled over to his seat at And while he scratched away on the paper, with a trembling hand, he was saying,

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Why did I ever fall into his clutches? He'll devour me some day—I know he will. I'll be killed, and nobody will ever know what became of

me! Oh, my! Oh, my!" Onnorrann watched him for a few moments; then he turned again to the hole. 'Now, friend Mander, I'll adjust your skylight. Sorry to deprive you of ventila-

After listening once more, frying, thereby, to ascertain whether or not the fall had killed his enemy, he drew up the trap-door, by means of a string that was attached to one corner of it, and fastened to a ring just

beneath the floor. The thing shut with a click that told of a strong spring; and when he arose from his kneeling posture, he felt sure that there was no further danger to be apprehended

"James Jiggers?" Yes, sir. Thank the Lord!" exclaimed Jiggers

The Doctor took up his hat and left the He was highly jubilant over his clever disposal of Mandor.

in his heart; but he said, aloud, simply:

He adjusted his spectacles anew, slapped on the hat with considerable force, and stepped lightly along the street. "He's going to see his patients," thought Jiggers, when the door closed after his employer; "and he'll kill them all—I know he will. He'll kill me, some day. Oh, ny!—I wish he'd let me lay in the gutter, I do, indeed. I'd rather have died there than do, indeed. I'd rather have died there than live this way. And that man down the hole! I sha'n't sleep a wink to-flight, I know I sha'n't. His ghost will be walking around the house, as soon as the clock strikes twelve! Oh, my! Oh, my! eh?—what's that?—nothing. I feel real cold. I wish I'd never been born at all—I do, indeed. And it's Calvert Mandor, too!—whose will I saw behind the books. And I heard the doctor say he'd forced a copy of

it, for his own good. My! my!—what shall I do? I want to do so much, and I'm weak as a cat and scared to death. Courage, Jiggers, courage!" While he scribbled away at the MS. he bestowed an occasional glance on the knob of the door that led to the adjoining room, as if he momentarily expected to see it turn and the ghost of Onnorram's victim stalk in. And, anon, he would draw the small flask from his pocket, and take long drinks at the "courage" it contained—till the words he wrote began to look blurred, and his eyes became sleepy, and the ball-like head bobbed with a suspicious unsteadiness.

heard the doctor say he'd forged a copy of

Theophilus Onnorrann had several calls to make, and his pace was brisk as he started on his professional round. At the first corner, he noticed a man of gigantic build, bristling countenance and seowling brow. This man saw him coming,

and watched him covertly.

But the physician only bestowed a casual lance upon him and continued on. The man on the corner was Dan Cassar. He looked after Onnorrann with a keen, harp gaze, and muttered, between his thick lips:

That 'ere's singular. Where's Mandor? I seen 'im go inter that feller's office, awhile gone—but, he ain't come out yet. That 'ere chap's a mean old flunk-up to all sorts o' badness—cuss 'im. An' now I won'er if he's done any thing to shet Mandor up—eh? He looks kinder pleased. I don't like it altogether, 'cause he oughter look jest t'other way — skeered—seein' as he thought Cal Mandor was dead. Now, shall I wait, or shall I go after Cal ?"

The physician passed out of sight, while Big Dan was soliloquizing.

The giant presently seemed determined upon a course of action; for, while he shook his head dubiously, he wheeled about, and started in the direction of Onnorrann's

CHAPTER XIX. ZELLA HAS A VISITOR. And if now the skies look black, All the past behind my back Is a bright and blessed track; Never mind f Be then tranquil as a dove;
Through these thunder-clouds above OR
Shines afar the deaven of love;
Never mind!"—Tupper.

As Theophilus Onnorrann hurried through a street not far from his own residence, his attention was attracted by a barouche that came swiftly along, with spirited horses chafing under a tight rein.

It was the one containing Hugh Winfield and Ilde Wyn.

We have seen that the Doctor was immediately struck with Ilde's resemblance to Zella Kearn, and, also, that he discovered Zella, by an accidental glance up at the third-story windows of the house directly opposite.

opposite.
While considering what she could be doing there, he almost involuntarily crossed over and pulled the door-bell.
"I wish to see Miss Kearn," he said, to

the servant who appeared. Miss Kearn ?" repeated the girl, inquir-

ingly. Yes—the young lady who occupies a

"Yes—the young lady who occupies a third-story front room—"
"Oh, you mean the new boarder? Yes, sir. Walk in, please," and, ushering him into the parlor, she asked:
"What name shall I say, sir?"
"'Um! well—just tell her that Doctor Onnorrann would like to see her."
While the screen started on her errand

While the servant started on her errand up-stairs, the physican stood in the center of the parlor, stroking his smooth chin, and gazing thoughtfully down at the carpet.
"New boarder, eh? I wonder what that

Zella Kearn generally goes to her aunt's when she comes to town-now she don't, and she's a boarder. A boarder"—
repeating the word as if it meant more than he could understand. "Rather queer, this. Wonder if she's alone? If yes, then what's she doing at a strange house ?- a boarder-'um! a boarder, too."

It did seem that Heaven was unkind, in sending Hugh Winfield to Zella's gaze, when the unhappy girl had striven so hard to forget him, and to smother the gnawings of her rejected love.

It had cost her every effort of will she was capable of, to do what she had done—say good-by to all the dear scenes about her home—dear in themselves, though they remind the statement of the st minded her bitterly of him to whose heart she had turned in vain.

It was but a sort of apathy, this new life among strangers—a life of trance amid surroundings that were drear.

The shapely head, drooping upon her

arm, on the window sill, was trembling, as she solbed; and she felt, in this fresh pain, as if existence was burdensome—as if she did not, and could never, care for any thing.

She had a strong will; but there is no limit to the influences of an absorbing, passionate love—the most rigid hearts will melt, and resolutions of iron are overcome hearesth its paratratty are recommendated.

beneath its penetrating power. All the determination to forget Hugh Winfield, which had been hers, now van-ished, and left her with a bleeding heart, a

sined, and left her with a bleeding heart, a weeping spirit—a being of veriest wretchedness, in atmospheres of woe.

"Oh, Hugh!—Hugh!" she moaned, "I thought you loved me! When you spoke, or in whatever you did, I thought—yes, I I was sure I saw some sign of affection. You told me you did love me: but, is it true? Would you let me suffer in this way, if it was so?" but she added, after a second, as if she would not blame him: ond, as if she would not blame him:

"You don't know, though—you don't know; you'll never know, Hugh, what misery you have caused me—no—never," She raised her tearful eyes to look once again down the street.

But, the barouche was gone; only the busy, bustling throng met her straining

"I can not live long this way—oh! I can
t! Why did I ever let myself love him?
es—yes—I feel as if—I could—die!"

The head would have bowed again, and a new gush of tears was dimming her vision, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

She started, and hurriedly dried her

'Come," she said, after a moment, when the heaving bosom was forced to calmness, and her voice schooled to evenness. "There's a gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss," announced the girl, who en-

"To see me!" in surprise; "who is it? What is his name?"

"He told me just to say, that Doctor Onnorrann would like to see you." "Doctor Onnorrann!" repeated Zella, in growing astonishment; and she asked her-self: "How did he find out I was here?

What can he want?"
"Yes, Miss, that's the name. Will you come down?—or shall I—shall I tell him to

Zella colored slightly. It certainly would not look proper to receive a visitor in her bedroom; yet she resolved to do this, as she did not wish to be seen by the boarders, several of whom were just then returning for dinner. Besides, the caller was a physi-

"I will receive him here," she replied, to the girl's question before she finished debating the point in her mind.

Doctor Onnorrann was presently ushered He entered with a bow and a smile rubbing his skinny hands together—a habit he had—and spoke in a pleasant tone.

"Miss Kearn—quite a surprise. How do you do, to-day? Hope I see you well. Ah, yes—quite a surprise, indeed. I didn't expect to find you in the city—as a boarder,

"Be seated, Doctor. Are you well?"
"Always well-always well, thank you,

At first sound of her voice he detected sadness in it. He saw that she was pale, uneasy of manner, much unlike herself.

'I do not think you are in good health, my dear," he said, solicitously, appropriating a chair, and watching her closely.

Zella would not meet his gaze.
"Yes, Doctor, I am feeling very badly, I can not deny it—but, not exactly sick: I indeed, I scarcely know what is the matter with me.'

"You are decidedly sick. Permit me." He slipped snakily from his chair, advanced, felt of her pulse, trying, while he held the white wrist, not to look grave. Um! Extraordinary nervousness. How

long have you been in town ! Not long," answered Zella, after some

'That's an evasion," thought Onnorrann watching her half-averted face. "Now what does she mean by that?" then aloud: Yesterday?—day before?—to-day?—"
"Yesterday," reductantly.
"'Um! Yes. Let me prescribe for you,

Your father well?"

plainly?

inquired

"Yes—I believe so."

He darted a momentary glance at her, over the spectacles, and commented, mentally: "That's another evasion. What's the

my dear. Have you anybody here that you can send to the nearest apothecary?"

matter with her? She's solemn as a ghost, and she used to be frolicsome as a kitten."
But he was completely baffled. "Something wrong—something wrong. I must sift this."

I must sift this."

After one of the servants had been dispatched to the nearest drug-store, he set about trying to ascertain why she was there, exactly when she came, and what had caused the sudden change in hertransforming her from a merry laughing girl, to a pale, saddened womau.

She evaded his questioning, with the readiness of female wit.

After doing his best, in vain, in a conversation of nearly two hours, he withdrew.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he left the house, "I am no wiser for my labor. But I'll see her again, to-morrow. I am determined to know what this means. Something wrong—I'll wager on it. Aha! she's a fine girl—very fine. She must be my wife, too, shortly. Yes, friend Kearn—'marry the first to him who tried to win the widow whose first love died! This little beauty must marry Theophilus Onnorrann, or you'll never find out where your own child is—so help me cross-bones! Well, you young rascal!—stop your screeching! Hear me?" the last to a ragged newsboy, with a dirty face, who came running and screaming loudly, flourishing the evening paper. Confound it!" he muttered, as he left

paper.
"Buy one, sir?—full account of the strange death on the Bellefontaine Road."
"Death on the Bellefontaine, ch?" he stopped short, as he questioned, and looked

sharply down at the urchin.
"Yes, sir. Big thing. Found dead; and full of blood. Heap of excitement, sir.

"Yes—I'll read it," and as he received and paid for the paper, he was mumbling: "Wonder what it is, now. Bellefontaine, ch? That's pretty close. It might be that Kearn has—" He was about to fold the journal up, and ram it into his pocket, when he felt a sudden prompting to look at the item of im-

It was on the first page, in display type, and he glanced carelessly at the account. Immediately, however, he uttered a quick exclamation, his face assumed a rigid expression, and he half-crunched the paper in his grasp.

CHAPTER XX.

A TRIO OF SPIES. "We meet again when years have flown,
When time has wrought a wondrous change
But do not meet as if unknown
In scenes of silence, awed and strange."
—Anon.

BIG DAN stood, for a moment, before the entrance to the hallway leading to Doctor

Onnorrann's office.

Then he passed in—not like one calling on a matter of business, but in a way that would have excited the suspicions of a look-

keep Doc. Onnorrann in the house. see 'bout this 'ere He moved stealthily ahead. As he advanced, he began to grin, and indulged in a scarce-audible chuckle; for he and practiced that thing before, in the hour

of midnight, when plying his vocation—a burglar, as the reader may have surmised. At the head of the stairs he paused a second time and listened. On one side was the office door, with a card to that effect tacked thereon

But he had not now any intention of entering there; for a sound had struck his hearing—a familiar sound—a low, weird

It came from the story above, and Dan was markedly attentive. "I've heerd that 'ere before!" he ex-claimed, half-aloud; and he became more and more interested while following the

inger's voice, for it reminded him of thing that was far in the scenes of the past The voice was Beula's, The blind Quadroon, in her prison apartment, was singing, as was her wont, and the air was working a singular effect on Cassar.

Presently he turned to the stairs and started upward. Reaching the third story, he stole noise lessly forward—tiptoeing, halting, anon, and glancing around, to be sure that he was

not discovered. Then he came before the door of the oom from whence issued the singing that had attracted him.

'I'never heerd but one person have that 'ere tune," he uttered, to himself, "an' it was long ago. Mighty strange."

His quick eye soon detected the slide in

the panel, and he at once proceeded to open Beula was engaged at knitting-her usual

occupation.
Suddenly she started. The song hushed she turned her sightless orbs in the direction of the door; for a short-breathed exclamation had reached her.

Dan was looking in through the small opening. He saw a woman whom he knew well, though many years had clapsed since he met her last, and then her eyes were bright and piercing.

Beula!" fell from his thick lips, in astonishment. Who called me?" she demanded, leaning slightly forward, and intent to catch the

At first he seemed riveted, gazing stead-fast in his surprise; then, after a hasty glance behind him, he spoke guardedly.

Beula? "Who calls?" she repeated, while his oice seemed to have struck some eager chord within her "One 'at knows you well," answered the

Her memory was keen. A peculiar expression settled in her withered features she arose and groped her way toward him.

"I know that tongue! I know that ongue!" she croaked.
"You wasn't blind when you an' me was

"Oh, it's of no consequence, Doctor, I—"
"Tut! Tut! don't talk nonsense now.
You are on the verge of hysteries, I see that st together—who am I?" "I know you!" She was the slide, and reached one hand through He stepped over to the bell-rope, despite her protestations; then, while he resumed his seat, and took out his diary to write, he feel the face that was peering in. "Who am I?"

"It's Dan Cassar!" she said, quickly, and in a whisper. "Ho! how came you to be here?"

Yes, it's Dan Cassar." To en 'I remember you, Dan—why shouldn't Oho! I remember you well."
'What're you don' here?"

"Hush!" raising a warning finger, "don't talk loud—don't talk loud. You've come in good time, Dan Cassar! Who sent you? How did you find old Beula!"

"Jest a kinder accident—"

"Sh! listen I am a prisoner—"
"I'll jest tum'le you out, then" he interrupted, "ef I hev to bu'st the door down—
you kin bet!"

"Sh! no—no; I don't want to get out. See, Dan—I have no eyes now; I am a helpless old thing. My jailer takes good care of me—he! he! he! and he had best care of me—ne? he! he! and he had best do so," the last with a meaning chuckle.
"I might as well die here, as anywhere else, But, I am afraid to die! I don't want to die yet! Dan Cassar, I am glad you found me. I want to tell you something—something very precious it is."

"What 're you a pris'ner for?" he interporated

Her mouth twitched, and her fingers worked, as if some inward excitement was preying upon her.

"Onnorrann, the Doctor, keeps me here."
"What fer?"

"'Sh! not so loud. I'll tell you—is there anybody near?"

"Come into the room, Dan Cassar. The key is in the lock outside. Come in—come

Dan turned the key, and stepped into the She led him to one side, where they could not be seen, in case some one should come to the slide in the panel, and motioned him

The giant was filled with a sort of awe in her presence. He watched her, as she went across the room to draw up another chairand he almost imagined he could see the well-remembered eyes as they had been wont to sparkle, when he met her, so many vears before. Beula was about to reveal something.

He waited in silence. James Jiggers, under the influence of the contents of his pocket-flask, was rocking unsteadily at his desk.

The pen had dropped from his hand, his head had sunk forward on his breast, and he finally settled down to a slumber of parial intoxication. But, despite the extreme care which Cas-

of stairs, a creaking sound fell on the half-insensible hearing of the sleeper.

Under the circumstances—when his nerves were touchy, and his senses unsettled by the recent occurrence in which he figired—the effect was to rouse Jiggers with a

tree—the effect was to rouse Jiggers with a start, and, blinking and ogling, he glanced toward the door of the adjoining room.

Presently, however, the creaking noise was repeated, and his head turned, like a ball on a pivot, toward the door leading to the entry.

"Somebody out there—(hic) there," he hiccoughed. "Who?—'tain't Doctor, for—(hie)—for I know I haven't been asleep in a matter of business, but in a way that would have excited the suspicions of a lookron.

Inside the door, he paused, and drew off is boots—then he listened. "Who?—itain't Doctor, for—long. There it is again."

Whoever it was, he comprehended that they were moving with stealth; more, he is something som

don't see why that old flunk should come out first a-laughin', when Mandor went on particular business, that 'd be mighty ap' to keep Doc. Onnorrang in the laughty ap' to he was aware of the creaking tendency of the second flight of stairs; and finally, impelled by his increase. he got up and went to the door, which he opened with care.

Looking out through a narrow crack, he was lost in astonishment, at beholding a man of enormous build, carrying his bo in his hand, and going upward with catlike His body stooped, his mouth gaped, his

ogle eves stared. When Dan Cassar disappeared around the landing, Jiggers issued forth, and fol-lowed after, with the silence of a moving specter. The effect of the liquor left him

And when Beula drew the giant across to the front of the room, to speak with him, Jiggers was already at the slide, alive to ch every word that might pass. There was another party, also, to the

At the front of the hall was a long window overlooking the street. Heavy curtains draped before the panes, and behind the curtains was the mulatto girl—Onnor-rann's housekeeper—who had seen Cassar go into Beula's room, and who now watched the eavesdropping James Jiggers.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 143.)

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY, (MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XXI.—Aztec Valley of the Rio Gila.—A Castilian Family.—Checkmate.—Spanish Courtship.—An Aristocratic Fundango.—Meeting an Old Friend.—The Spanish Waltz.—An Introduction and a Warning.—An Ankward Fiz.—"When a Woman won't, she won't."—A Shot from the Frence.

AFTER leaving the Rio Colorado, we shaped our course to the south, down into the Aztec valley of the Rio Gila river. Late one day we came to the hacienda of an old Spaniard, who readily gave us per-mission to remain over night. The hacienda was situated about five miles to the north of the Pueblo de Frieto, in one of the richest portions of that magnificent valley.

The owner, Don Guzoman, was, I think, the finest-formed man I ever saw. Though

nearly sixty years of age, his form was still unbent; his hair long, black and glossy, with that peculiar tint of blue so common in Spain, showed not one thread of gray, and his piercing black eyes were as brilliant as ever they were. His family consisted of two children, a son and daughter. Don Nunaz, the son, was the perfect image of his father, or as his father must have been at his age. As for the senorita, she was the employiment of all the is lovely in was the embodiment of all that is lovely in womanhood. Neither too tall nor too short, there was a refinement in the regular features, there was a noble, intellect in the

broad forehead, there was a world of passion in the deep black eyes, and an iron will in the firm-set though finely-chiseled lips. Underlying all these feminine attri-butes was a kind heart, as was manifested by the tenderness with which she treated those about her, and a grace and loveliness befitting a queen.

This fair Castillan, beautiful as she was, was but the type of the pure Spanish race, but the peculiar circumstances attending our first acquaintance were calculated to leave a lasting impression upon my mind,

leave a lasting impression upon my mind, and so they did.

We saw our horses provided for, and entering the hacienda, were soon at home with the family. About his place were, at least, seventy-five peons—half-breeds of the Spanish-Mexican race—(those mongrel beings who have no pedigree, no nation, and no God) from whom I learned that we had at last found a character we were seeking—a wealthy native. In conversation the don a wealthy native. In conversation the don informed me that he was then working a silver mine near the hacienda, and that he had recently struck a new lode which gave promise of being a very rich one. Nearly every mile of the country from here to the city of Mexico has pits and sink holes in the earth, where once were the shafts to mines, worked hundreds of years ago by the conquering race.

the conquering race.

My companions found enjoyment in a game of monte with the don and his son, while I was in a fair way of forgetting myself in a game of chess with the fair senorita. I may mention, en passant, that the don had lost his wife at the birth of the daughter, eighteen years before, and had never married again. The fair Violette and myself occupied the further end of the room by an open window, through which the fragrance of an orange grove was waftthe Iragrance of an orange grove was watted; and, busy with our game of chess, we gave no heed to the passing hours until reminded by the don that it was growing late. But a game of chess may be a long or short one, according to the inclination of the players, and the rest of the party retired, leaving the senorita and myself to finish the game—which truth compels me to say, was never done. She asked to to say, was never done. She asked to know more of los Americanos in general, and my humble self in particular; so I gave her an insight into my past history; where I was born and educated; of the many friends I had known when fortune smiled upon me; and, lastly, of one who, though "fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," had, when the loss of fortune came, proved the inconstancy of her

tune came, proved the inconstancy of her sex, and made me what I was—very much of a woman hater.

She grew very confidential, for a stranger, and told me her trials; how a neighbor of theirs, a wealthy young Spaniard, encouraged by her father, but whom she "perfectly hated," had been persecuting her with his addresses; hat her father was anxious to see her married to their wealthy neighbor; but she "would rather die than marry him." Another day had already commenced, and I knew that sleep and rest were essential to me, as we had proposed a long ride on the morrow; so, bidding her good-night, I was soon in bed, and dreaming of white teeth, black eyes, raven tresses, and a thousand other things.

and a thousand other things.

The following morning, at breakfast, the young don informed us that they were to have a fandango the next evening, and as we had informed him that we were traveling for pleasure, he insisted that we should remain. As this would afford us an opportunity of learning something more of Mexi-

American musicians from the pueblo below. There was something about one of the musicians which struck me very familiarly, but for the life of me I could not tell where, if ever, I had met him before. For a long time I sat watching him, but to no effect. time I sat watching him, but to no effect. At last there came a vision of my boyhood, and then I knew him in a moment as one with whom I had often associated in days 'lang syne' named Spencer. His companion and himself were playing that incomparably graceful dance, the Spanish Waltz, when I went over to him, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, I pronounced his name. He stopped playing as suddenly as if he had broken every string of his violin, and as his companion followed suit, the dancers were brought to a stand-still. dancers were brought to a stand-still. Words can not express the astonishment that was depicted on his countenance when I called him by name. His memory did not serve him as well as mine had done, and I gave him plenty of time to think. Ten years had passed since he had left his home in the far-away State of Maine, and from smooth-faced urchins we had grown into bearded men, and it was no wonder that he did not recognize me. When he learned my name he seized my hand, and nearly made me cry out with pain, so fervent was his greeting. He laughed and cried by turns, so overjoyed was he, and commenced asking me a host of questions about his old home and old friends, without giving me an opportunity to answer any of

I saw that the party was getting tired of waiting, so promising to visit him next day, they proceeded with their dance. The Spanish waltz was always my favorite dance, and securing the hand of the fair Violette for a partner, I was soon in the enjoyment of the dance. With a lull in the music, the senorita pointed out to me the object of her dislike, and when I looked toward him, our eyes met for the first time, and such a look of malignant hatred I never saw upon the face of a human being. My hostess whispered, "Senor must be careful of him." During the promenade I managed to bring up in close proximity to him, and requested the senorita to introduce me, which she did. Our greeting was not very cordial, on his part at least, and I knew by the listless shake of his hand, and the evil look in his eye, that I had met an enemy He spoke nothing but Spanish, and although I knew enough of that for all the uses of or dinary conversation, yet I saw that he did

not care to improve the acquaintance.

About an hour afterward the musician came to me and said, "Harry, you must be on your guard, for that Spanlard is a spunon your guard, for that Spaniard is a spunky devil, and will kill you if he gets a chance." I did not want to be stabbed in the dark on this particular occasion; but I did not scare worth a cent, so resolved to enjoy myself notwithstanding the black looks I received from the friends of the worms. Spenish contemps, And I 3th young Spanish gentleman. And I did.

Toward the close of the party, the seno

rita came to me, and although not seeming to stop, requested me to follow her, which I did. She led the way to a small boudoir,

and locking the door, she invited me to be seated; after which she came to me, and kneeling at my side, she laid her head upon my knee and burst into tears. Here was an interesting situation for a young man; how-ever, I inquired the cause of her sudden grief, and learned that her father had that evening promised the young don that he should certainly receive her hand in marshould certainly receive her hand in marriage, and that very soon. She vowed that sooner than wed him, she would take his life herself, and failing in that, would take her own before she would submit to become his wife. She concluded by asking me to take her and fly from the presence of the hated neighbor! I had not then, as I have since, had the romance all knocked out of me, and I was nothing loth to consent; though I had no more idea of marrying her

though I had no more dea or marrying her than I had of going to China; but "just for the fun of the thing," and to plugue the Spanish gent, I agreed to her proposition.

While conversing as to the course we would pursue, I was startled by a pistol-shot, and at the same time felt a tingling on my chin I country to a flavore. my chin. I caught a glimpse of a figure passing the window, and drawing my revolver, I "went for it then and there," but was just in time to see it disappear around the corner of an outbuilding. I hunted around but could find no trace of the ene my, not even in the crowded parlor, which I entered by the front door. Had I found him there, I should certainly have shot him, though an instant death awaited me; for my Yankee spunk was up, and I did not

stop to consider the consequences.

After the festivities were over, I accompanied my old schoolmate to his home in the peublo—my companions agreeing to delay the journey until I had seen the senorita out of her trouble. Little did any of us imagine the tragic end which was to come to this little adventure.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

"Home Circle" is one of the best The "Hone Chelle is one of the over and cheapest illustrated story papers in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only \$2 a year, besides a beautiful magazine given free a whole year to every subscriber. Splendid premiums for clubs, such as costly gold watches and silver-ware. Single copies, 5 cents, for sale everywhere. Sample copies sent free by addressing F. films for thos, such that the same state of the same every-filver-ware. Single copies, 5 cents, for sale every-shere. Sample copies sent free by addressing F. Gleason, No. 25 Bromfield Sereet, Boston, Mass, 138-13t. c

TO ADVERTISERS. A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpa-reil measurement.

THE YELLOW HUNTER; The Winding Trail of Death.

(STAR NOVEL, No. 108.) Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—Ten Cents.

FRANK STARR & CO., Publishers,
41 Platt Street, N. Y.

OUDE to the selection of a sewing-machine. Read Sewing-Machine Leaflets, mailed free on application by Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co. 588 Broadway, New York.

Stick to your text, dinner and then do what you might have done ten years ago—subscribe for the great Family Paper,—receive an elegant Pranse chromoso free graits, read the paper for 1872 and be happy. The STAR SPANGLED BANNER is—you can easily remember the rest, for we have been telling you in every paper for ten years past. It makes, as specialty of "showing up" the "Tricks and Traps of America." Do you remember that Gift enterprise, Dollar music-box, "Rights," "Recipes," Curlique and curling comb? Has no swindler ever caught you? The STAR SPANGLED BANNER names and exposes every humbus, quack and der ever caught yon? The Star Spangled Banker names and exposes every humbug quack and swindler. Speaks right out plain and is hated by every rascal as it is praised by all housest men. ONLY \$1 secures this large 8-page paper, size of Ledger, a whole year, and also one of the most superb chromos ever made by Prang, the best of all artists. All for \$1, 'no delay, thromo sent ar once. No Maine or Michigan style. Satisfaction cuare antended Blade, N. Y. Tribune, and 50,000 present subscribers. Agents wanted: outfit pracy specimens 6 cents. One dollar for chromo and paper. Send to Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out.Mustache and Whiskers in 42 days. This
GREAT SECRET and 190 others. Gamblers' Tricks,
Cardiology, Ventrilegaism, all in the ORIGINAL
"Hook of Wonders." Mailed for 25 cts. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Illinois. 149-4 r

LFARN THY DESTINY I A written Destiny, past, present and surre, with a correct likeness, name and address of future husband or wife. Advice and lucky numbers given. All questions answered by the Great Paristan Clairvoyant. State age, inclosing 25 cents, and a small lock of hair. Address 8. P. ELVOSE, Box 69, Green Point, N. Y. Address 6. 148-6t. e. o. w

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freekle Lotion. Sold by Druggists everywhere. For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads and Pleshworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Frepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. MICROSCOPIC OPERA GLASSES, 25c

Trade supplied. Address, B. Fox & Co., No. Canal st., New York City. ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS !-- A Myrit-

NERVOUS

A speedy cure with out medicine, 1200 cases cured in one month. No PAY till cured. Recommended by leading Medical Men and Journals. They say it NEVER FALLS. Extensively used in U.S. Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals; Pat. by U.S. Government. Pamphlet, with opinious of Lallermand, Trousscau, Hunier, etc., free. Address Lallermann Instriptic P. O. Drawer 31, Cleveland, Ohio. (Chartered by Legislative Enactment.) 148-4t.

\$72 RACH WEEK.—Agents wanted. Business legitimate. J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo. 147-4t.*

FOR Price lists of goods and catalogues "WINTER FASHIONS" senda star and your address to MRS. EMILY V. BATTER Purchasing Agent, P. O. Box 1091, N. Y. City. 180

Send Stamp for "Illustrated Book of Wonders." Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal street, New York City. 99-1y.*

5 to 520 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working peo-rock for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything size. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Go., Portland, Maine.

SINGLE HAND, The Comanche Attila;

THE CHAPARRAL RANGERS. (BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS, No. 272.) For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price—Ten Cenrs.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street, New York, 1

MY SYLVAN SYLPH.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I'll ne'er forget when first we met, Full many a scented rose Bloomed by the door in which she sat— Industriously putting new heels in some old woolen hose.

And I approached as in a dream, Unconsciously and slow,
And, bless her, she did hasten out—
And made that everlasting old bulldog let

And oh, she had the sweetest voice
My fond ear ever knew!
My memory seems to hear it yet—
In "Why, lawsakes alive, mister, how de
doo?"

I marveled at her blushing hair
Which fell in many a coil,
And needed nothing in the world—
Except two or three handfuls of scented
bear's oil.

You'd take her for no city belle
Made up of pride and lace,
She moved a queen about the house—
And stepped on the little blind kittens with
native grace.

I thought she was a fairy sprite
That walked upon the air,
Or trod like Venus on the wave—
And when I saw the size of her shoes I
thought my guess was rather fair.

She wore a gentle winning smile,
Which trouble could not break,
Her eyes were full of tenderness—
And her mouth, which was none too small,
was generally pretty full of cake. Her heart, so good, was ever warm
With love for all her kind,
I knew it when she softly said—
"Alcabiadas, go chase those piggies out and
don't you hurt them, mind!"

She stole my heart when first we met,
But I adore her still,
And none can calculate her worth—
Her everlasting old father hasn't taken a
notion yet to get sick and make his
will.

A Woman's Scheme. A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

ONE cool night in October, during the present lustrum, "Daring Val," one of the boldest, and consequently most noted cracksmen of New York, leaned over the counter of a low underground "thieves' re-treat," scanning the "Personals" of a prominent city journal.

This man had committed more burglaries than any two thieves then in the city, and the papers, uttering the sentiments of the law-abiding citizens, clamored loudly for his apprehension. But he adroitly eluded the police, and continued to pursue his ne-farious calling in their very faces.

It was rumored, and rightly, too, as our story will show, that "Daring Val," as the burglar was called by everybody, had been employed by wealthy persons to carry out their petty revenge, and was still in the employ of scheming men and women.

The cracksman's eyes ran down the "Personal column," upon the October night above written, until they suddenly rested upon the following advertisement, which struck him very forcibly: "PERSONAL. Will the gentleman, with the

gold anchor, who sat opposite the lady in green silk, in the — avenue cars, yesterday, please call at No. — Fourth avenue, between the hours of seven and nine to-night?"

The burglar read the advertisement twice before he uttered a word.

"Why, that must mean me," he said, slightly above a whisper. "I was dressed in my best, yesterday, and sported a gold anchor, and rode in the — avenue cars, opposite the lady in green silk. How she eyed me then! Her garringts told me she was me then! Her garments told me she was in good circumstances, although they bore marks of long wear. Yes," after a long pause, "I'll go and see what she wants of Val Rettick. It's about six now."

The adroit seoundrel folded the paper and walked leisurely from the den. Twenty minutes later he reappeared, attired in a suit of broadcloth, fashionably cut. His mass of raven hair betrayed the presence of an oleaginous compound, and a heavy gold chain, from which dangled the anchor which had attracted the attention of

He stepped to the bar, and after empty ing a wine-glass with a single gulp, he strode from the apartment, imitating a dandy's gait, to the amusement of several crim-

'the lady in green," contrasted glitteringly

inal companions. Once upon the street, he entered a car, and presently stood beneath the particular number on Fourth avenue designated by

He rung the bell with the air of a refined ntleman, which he could admirably counterfeit, and was ushered into the richest appointed parlor he had ever entered.

After bestowing a look upon several superb pictures that adorned the walls, the dandy burglar threw himself upon a rich sofa, and toyed with his chain, until the rustle of silk saluted his ears.

A moment later the door opened, and a beautiful woman, attired in green silk, heavily flounced, swept into the apartment.

The lady glanced at Rettick's "gold anchor," and smilingly complimented him for

answering her "personal" so promptly.
"I know you, sir," she said, after a brief exchange of words. "You are daring Val Rettick, the burglar, and, sir, I advertised to tell you that I have work for you—work that, if well performed, will fill your pockets with greenbacks.

"I am ever ready to work for those who pay without stint," answered Val. "And I would be pleased to know what I have to do in this case. The greater the risk, the better the reward.

The woman in green smiled, and drew

"My uncle," she said, in a low tone, "lies upon the point of death. He is rich—will leave a cool hundred thousand behind him. Years ago, when I was a little girl and an orphan, he took me to his home, and proclaimed me the heiress to his wealth. I dwelt in peace with him until two years ago, when, in a fit of anger, of which I, unavoidably, was the remote cause, he drove me from his roof, and took a beggar to his

hearth, whom he now calls his heiress.
"I am satisfied," she continued, "that the will he once drew up bequeathing his all to me, for he is childless, is destroyed. and that a new one lies beyond the insecure doors of his old cabinet. I want that will With it in my power, I can make Violet Fortney a beggar indeed, and become mistress of the situation again. What sum do you demand for the work?"
"Describe the risk."

"I will disguise myself in plain garments, and await you on the pavement, near the

alley," she continued.

"Well," said Rettick, "I accept your aid, and, in consideration of the neat sum of five thousand dollars, shall complete the work to your satisfaction."

The woman agreed to pay the sum de-manded, and the following night was selected for the dark work.

Val Rettick took his leave.

Julia Coleman felt her uncle's will within She paced the room with a triumphant and self-satisfied air, picturing to herself Violet Fortney's reverse of fortune.

It was her fault that she did not fill Vio-

let's place, at that hour, beside the bed of her dying uncle. William Coleman loved his niece until her pride and stubbornness compelled him to

drive her from his presence.

The ambitious girl became fascinated by a sudden arrival—a handsome fellow, with foreign airs, who called himself Count La Boyteaux. In vain the old man tried to persuade Julia that the dandy was a heart-less adventurer. She hung upon his foot-steps, and one night, having yielded to the villain's blandishments—having made her-self his slave—she attempted to rob her

Then, finding his niece beyond reformation, Williard Coleman, with tears in his eyes for his brother's memory, drove her from his house, and resolved to try and for-Several nights later a poor sewing-ma-

chine girl saved him from several villains who were dogging his steps, and, to reward her, he took her to his luxuriant home, and thus Violet Fortney became the old man's

As the reader has seen, Julia told Daring Val quite a different story from the forego-

Soon La Boyteaux deserted his deluded victim, and she entered the house of a wealthy merchant as a governess, resolving

Recollections of the West.

"Foxing" for Burglars.

BY CAPT. "BRUIN" ADAMS.

ONLY those who were in San Francisco in the early days, actually on the ground and observers of what took place, can have any true conception of the extent to which lawlessness and crime were carried.

Vigilance committees were promptly or-

ganized, but in very many cases their efforts were paralyzed by some traitor in their midst giving early information to suspected parties, or warning those already known as guilty in time for them to escape the doom

gunty in time for them to escape the doom that awaited them.

Such was the condition of affairs in that city when the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank was first opened. The strong stone building stood near the center of a row of substantial business houses on the principal theoretical and with its horsed and thoroughfare, and with its barred and heavily-shuttered windows, and massive double-door, it was considered impregnable no matter how determined or skillful might be the efforts of those seeking to enter in any other than the proper way. Besides these safeguards the usual night watch-man was always locked in, and then nothing more could be done-at least, so it was

thought. For several months the affairs of the bank progressed smoothly. The officers and attaches, among whom was myself, as assistant book-keeper, fell into the usual grooves of banking work, and up to the time of which I am about to speak, nothing

had occurred to break its monotony.

The chief officers were congratulating themselves upon the efficacy of their arrangements, by which all depredators were set at defiance, when suddenly the shock came, dissipating these fond expectations

to the four winds. Early one morning, while leisurely sip-The city clocks were proclaiming the hour of eleven upon the night following the interview between the fair employer and

manner. So great was the secrecy, and it was of course proper, that none save the president, cashier, and head book-keeper, knew of this new arrangement that was to set the burglars at defiance.

Well, the work was completed, and busi-

ness proceeded as usual.

A single watchman again had charge, but it was known in the building that a small closet, with a heavy door, through which there was a port-hole, had been fitted up for his accommodation, and it came to be a standing joke that the watchman was to re-treat into his fortification in case of alarm, and open upon the enemy through the slit in the door. We didn't know then how near the truth we were.

Matters progressed smoothly through the winter; no signs of burglars, or even of their attempts to enter the bank.

Confidence in the "new arrangement" was beginning to be felt. The thieves had heard rumors, probably, of some wonderful, mysterious agent that would defeat them if they made a raid, or perhaps involve all in a common destruction and so volve all in a common destruction, and so staved away.

The inventor (it was the head book-keeper) of the burglar-proof was in high glee over the success of his idea, and in fact a feeling of security was again prevailing when the alarm was again sounded, and all was up-roar and confusion.

The door of the bank had been found open in the morning, and the watchman was gone, none knew whither.

Every thing in the bank appeared in order. The safes were intact, the furniture and books undisturbed—in a word, every thing was as usual, save that the door had been found open and the watchman gone. Again a crowd assembled about the building; a messenger was dispatched for

the president, cashier and book-keeper. The president came first, and a brief in-spection of the premises seemed to satisfy his mind that nothing had been touched.

The book-keeper came next, and after glancing around, and peering cautiously behind a small green curtain that hung against the wall on the right of the large safe or vault, he turned, nodded to the president and left the room



A WOMAN'S SCHEME.

her tool, when two persons came together | on the corner of Third avenue and Fourth

They met as if by accident; but their subsequent actions proclaimed the meeting one

The woman, for one of the twain was a epresentative of the tender sex, was plain-clad, and the man wore a tightly-buttoned coat with great collar, and a slouched

After a short conversation they moved off together, and presently the man entered a dark alley, at the mouth of which the woman stationed herself as a kind of sentry.

The man moved off in the gloom. At ength he ascended to a low roof, and entered a back window. Then he drew a dark-lantern from his bosom, and opened an old cabinet that stood in the room he had burglariously entered. In a drawer he found a manuscript, which he glanced over, and transferred to an inner pocket A minute later he left the apartment as

noiselessly as he had entered Sliding from the roof, he hurried toward the street where the woman waited; but, just as he emerged from the alley an intoxicated Hibernian, in his efforts to escape policeman, stumbled and struck him in the breast with his head, with such force as to

hurl both to the stones! The woman screamed at the catastrophe

recover, two policemen stood over him.
"Release that Celt," said one, "for he has placed a rich prize in our power.

The speaker had recognized "Daring Julia Coleman heard the words, and turn-"No, my covey!" said a gruff voice, and

she felt her arm in the vice-like grip of a blue-coated M. P. A woman's scheme had signally failed At the station-house the stolen will was taken from Val Rettick, and returned to a

securer place than the old cabinet. Williard Coleman died without hearing of Julia's sentence of servitude in the State prison; but they told him of Daring Val's execution for a crime committed years be

After diligent inquiry Violet found the Irishman who had baffled the schemer, and handsomely rewarded him. He is now a reformed man.
Violet married shortly after the above oc-

currence.

A wag one day asked his friend "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself?" replied the other, in a passion; "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," replied the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

the next instant a messenger entered in breathless haste and announced the start-ling news of the bank's having been broken into, the watchman murdered, and heavy safe blown open and robbed of its contents.

The news had spread like wildfire, and in a surprisingly short time not only the employees but the major portion of the city were collected about the building.

None were permitted to enter until the

president arrived, and then all attached to the institution were allowed to follow him I need not describe the scene. It was such a one as is generally the result of an experienced band of burglars "rampaging" building in search of treasure, save in this case murder had accompanied the

exploit, leaving behind ghastly evidence in the lifeless form of the ill-fated watchman The man had died bravely, and from vari ous signs he must have left his mark deeply on some of the villains. There was blood everywhere - more, much more than could possibly have eman-ated from one individual, besides which

the hideous stains were scattered through out the large apartment, and were found leading out into the street and some dis tance away. It was plainly evident that one, if not more, of the robbers had been badly

wounded, and in that fact lay the only visible chance of their detection, as noth ing, not so much as a button even, had been left behind.

The loss was heavy, unusually so, and for awhile the bank staggered under the blow; but, struggling manfully, it gradually rose from under the pressure and regained its former position and strength.

But the officers had been taught a lesson Bolts and bars evidently were of no avail against the desperadoes, and inside watch men were ruthlessly made way with. Some other and more efficacious plan must be Very many were suggested, dis cussed, and abandoned as not sufficient to meet the requirements.

It was before the days of "burglar-alarms," and such contrivances; neverthe-less, the idea that since has been carried out to such a degree of effectiveness even then agitating the brain of one of the

When every thing else had failed, and they were about falling back on the old plan of the night-watchman, meaning to increase the force to half a dozen, he came forward and proposed his idea. It was discussed, and finally adopted, but

in conjunction with the old plan, as they did not feel sufficient confidence until it The next day the bank was closed for repairs, and workmen with tools were seen

going in and out in the most mysterious

A few minutes later the cashier arrived, in the greatest possible state of excitement. The day previous an unusually large amount had come into the bank, and he knew if this was gone, the institution was What followed after his hurried entrance,

key in hand, I have never been able to clearly recollect. I remember that he passed me hurriedly, with a scared look upon his face, and with rapid strides advanced direct to the vault.

I saw him insert the huge key, give it a twist, and as he grasped the knob, hear the voice of the president shouting, Duncan for God sa-! The remainder of the sentence was drowned in a deafening report, instantly followed by another; then a dull, heavy fall, and all was silent as death in the large

This then was the "burglar protection," and what we saw before us, the mangled, bleeding, lifeless form of a good and true man, the result.

So it was. The "idea" had worked well and the large, double-barreled gun, loaded almost to the muzzle with buckshot and heavy slugs, which had been let into the wall, and by fine wires connected with the door of the vault, had sent its deadly charge from behind the green curtain, sweeping the space in front of the vault, and crush ing to death, as I have already said, a good and true man

The arrangement, it seemed, entered into by the three men, who alone had the right to enter the vault, was, that the first arriv-ing should always detach the wire that ran down the wall beside the safe.

Had this been strictly attended to, no accident could possibly have happened. Of the first two who came, the president and book-keeper, each thought the other had, or would detach the fatal wire, or else in the excitement, totally forgot all about it, most probably the latter, and so poor Duncan

Of the watchman nothing was ever heard, not even the faintest clue, and it was supposed, and probably correctly, that the burney glars had wind of there being some deadly contrivance connected with the vault, and after breaking in, had insisted upon the poor fellow's explaining, or removing the contrivance, so they could go to work, and upon his refusing, had murdered him and

concealed the body.
Shortly after the tragedy, I left the Pacifie coast, but I have since frequently heard of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank, and am always pleased to learn that since that terrible morning, burglars have given it a wide berth.

WHAT comes from the heart goes to

HOW THER MEWSES FIT.

BY I-O-TA

Cl'ar up in a furlorn-lookin' attic
With hes heels sum higher'n hes nose,
Sot one uv cour modurn scribblers,
Yeon c'u'd tell by hes shabby clothes.
With hes goos'-quill 'twixt his fingers,
Hes bristlin' ha'r onkempt,
A-tryin' tu 'trap the mews-ses
As 'fore hes veeshun they went.

Thar wur tu uv ther varmints nigh
An' both on 'em wanted in,
Thalyer, she tilted in sunshine,
Erater, in shaders grim.
He felt kinder sorrer-cum-snifiles;
Hes in'ards reyther lank;
Fur hes rashuns wur e'enamos' nowhar,
An' hes shiners, nary one, in ther bank.

He looked wilder'n a hoss fur a minit,
Then away went ther all-fired bother—
"Ther bright, yaller mune is shinir' deown
"Like a cheese I" screeched eout ther t'other.
"Why lift yer head frum thes bussum,
Thou queen ur my heart's penetralyer?
Sugar is nowhar'—why leave me thusly—"
"Fur tu sneeze!" yelled that peaky Thalyer.

"Star uv my life, my heart is 'hull,
'Twill hold yeour imege ever,
Say, wunt yeou name ther happy day?
Shall it be—" "Neow or never!"
"My cabir needs one picter yet,
My life is dre'dful lunly;
I hanker arter yeour preshus eelf—"
"Along with yeour ol' dad's money!"

"Along with yeods of dad's money?"
Eour Poet scratched hes pate in style,
Yeou'd thort sum critters wur in it;
Then slung hes quill with a despret word,
An' looked skeers of wit fur a minit.
He felt thet one hull sheet wur sp'iled,
He c'n'dn't tell t'other frum which,
So he hung hes manerscrip' up tu dry
With a reg'ler cuss on sich.

Beat Time's Notes.

Ir was an ill wind yesterday that blew nobody good, but blew everybody bad. It blew a hurricane, and the hurricane blew all the buttons off my coat, loosened my eyebrows, and blew all the blacking from my boots. It blew a cellar clear over into another man's yard; the man, opening his worth to remeatrate was blown complete. another man's yard; the man, opening his mouth to remonstrate, was blown completely up. It blew "Yankee Doodle" on a gridiron. It blew Thursday clear back into Wednesday, and completely put a stop to the telegraph business by blowing all the dispatches back to the office they came from. It blew people's teeth down their throats, and their words were blown clear out of their mouths and carried far out west. It blew up several steam-boilers. It blew the Hudson river out of its bed and west. It blew up several steam-boilers. It blew the Hudson river out of its bed and onto the floor. It blew down the prices of things, and blew over the hills. It blew so hard the sun's rays couldn't touch the earth, and it warped several of our straightest streets. It blew the keels off of several vessels, and blew all the steamboat whistles. Take it altogether, there was quite a stir in the atmosphere vesterday. stir in the atmosphere yesterday.

Brown is getting old. He can no longer see without the aid of crutches, nor walk without having on his spectacles. The teeth, one by one, have fallen out of his ears, and he can eat no longer without the aid of his ear-trumpet. He said, the other day, he guessed he would have to get a new set of false teeth for his head and a wig for his mouth. His feet tremble as they convey food to his mouth, and his hands are feeble to walk upon, and I fear that he will die of old age, if he dies soon

Once, in my active days, I got under the eaves of a barn to keep out of the rain, and the lightning struck the barn and made for me. I started around the barn, and the lightning after me; for the first twenty minutes it was hard to tell whether the lightning was after me or I was after it: in the next ten minutes I had gained on it till it was only ten feet ahead of me. Upon seeing this the lightning gave up in disgust and ran into the ground. I used to be

more active than I am now. Did you ever see a thorn tree? Did you ever try to climb one? And, further, did you ever find out what they were originally intended for? If they bore apples or pears, they would be of some benefit; but they bear no kind of fruit that is worth stealing, and such birds as build nests in them are not the kind that intelligent little boys are fond of. Barefooted boys step very lightly under them and never deign to look up at the tree. When I start an orchard, I shall graft my fruit on thorn trees and have the

fun of picking it myself. A MAN was lately found out West all chopped to pieces and buried. The jury searched his pockets and found a verdict that defendant had committed suicide in the first degree, and recommended him to the mercy of the court.

THE telescope shows us 700,000,000 worlds, so I'd like to know what's the use trying to make a stir in one! I'm completely discouraged, and propose to quit.

WHETHER I get credit for it or not, I prevented a good-sized fight yesterday; that is to say—I prevented it by running away.

Many a man's tongue has slipped and broken his neck.

SPILER is so awful nice that when his sha-

dow fell in a mud-puddle, he fished it out and sent it to the washwoman to have it washed and ironed again. WHEN I see a young man in the first stages of early mustache, dyed to the last

extremity, I-don't know what to think. WE have ex-congressmen and ex-Governors and X bills—the latter are the best; that is the cross that most people follow

with the greatest faith. BASE-BALLS-Canni-bals.

I know a man so awfully mean that Satan will not be pleased when he dies, for it will take all of his available force to shovel

Not every one who leers can write a

lyric. A sonnet is a small son.

THE best way to play a flute is to roll a piece of music up and place it inside and then blow it out.

Why is it that most of our aliens are so eager for ale?

Jones says he would get drunk every day, but it costs so much to pay his fare there.

